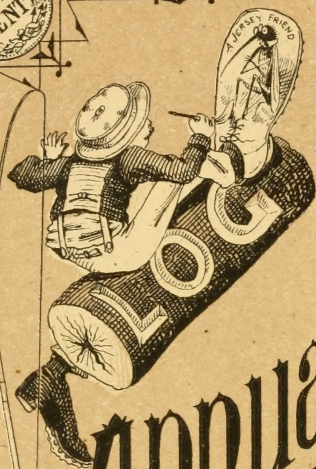


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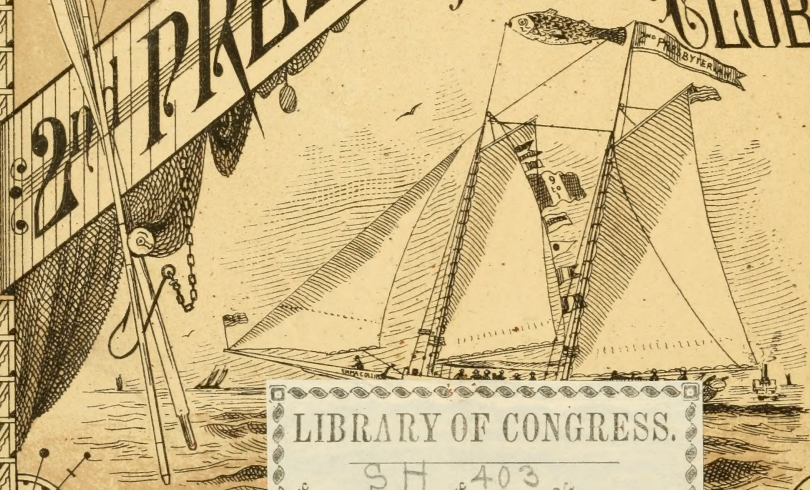
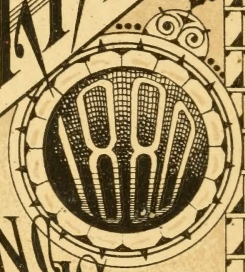
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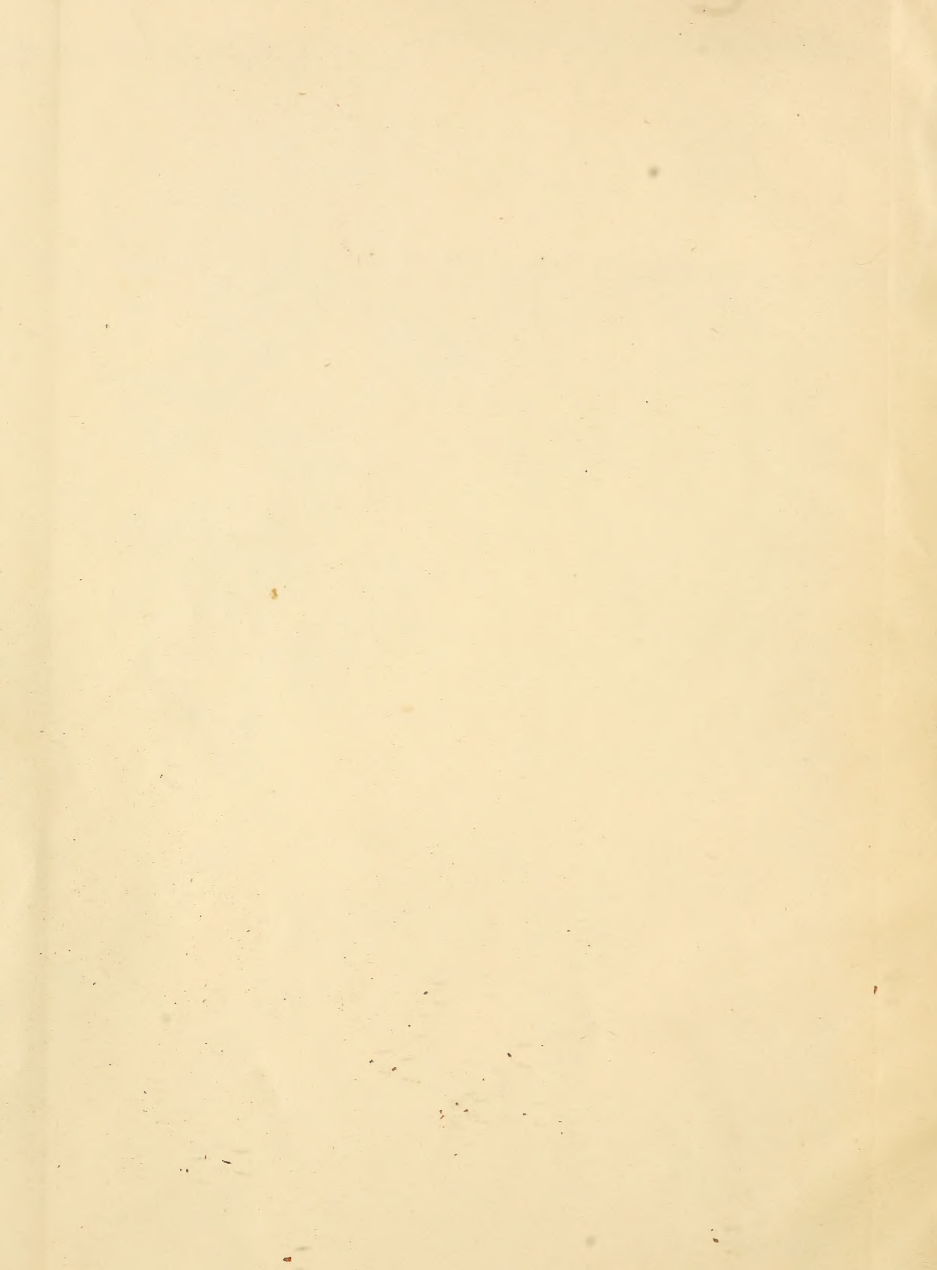
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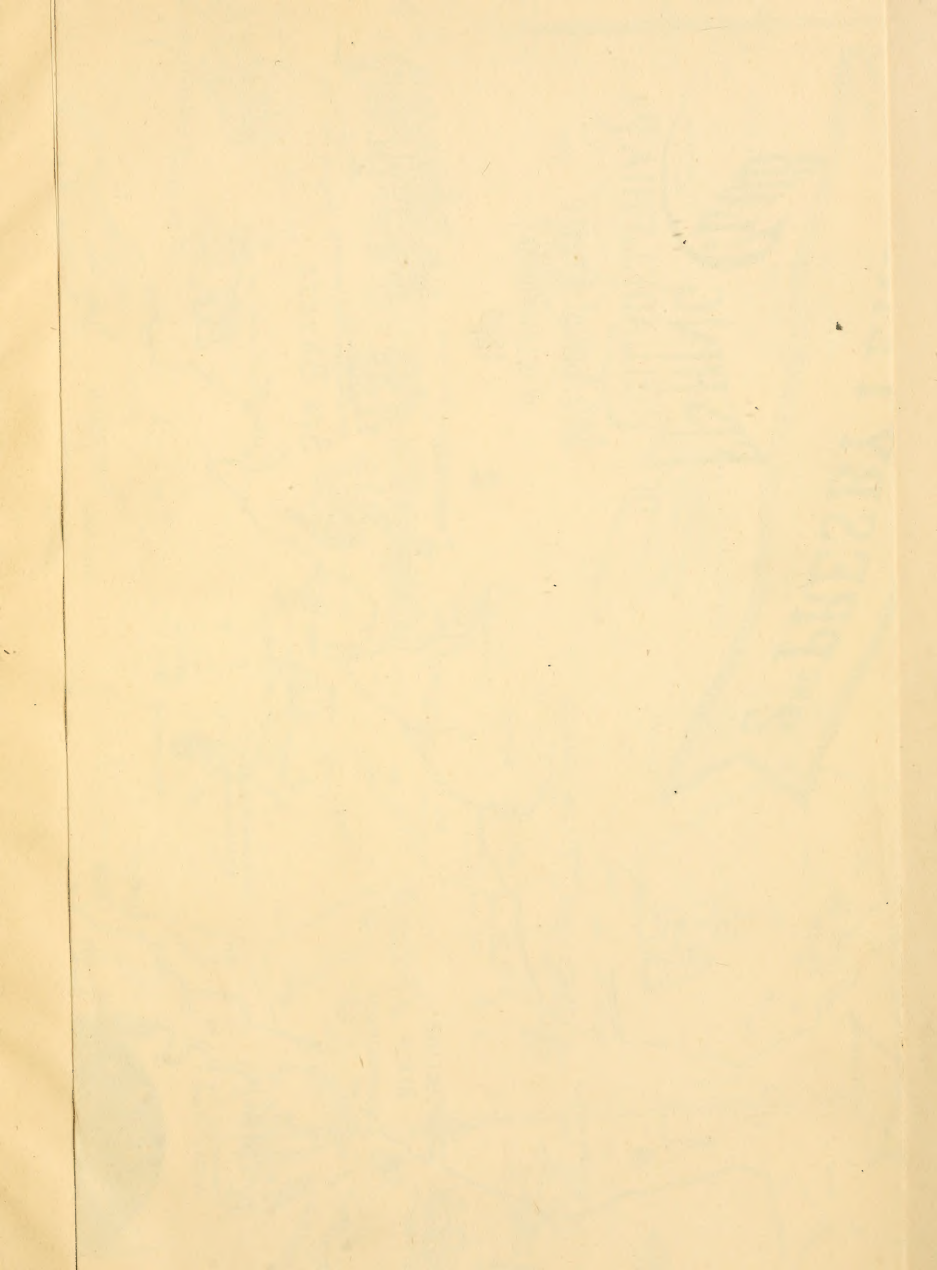
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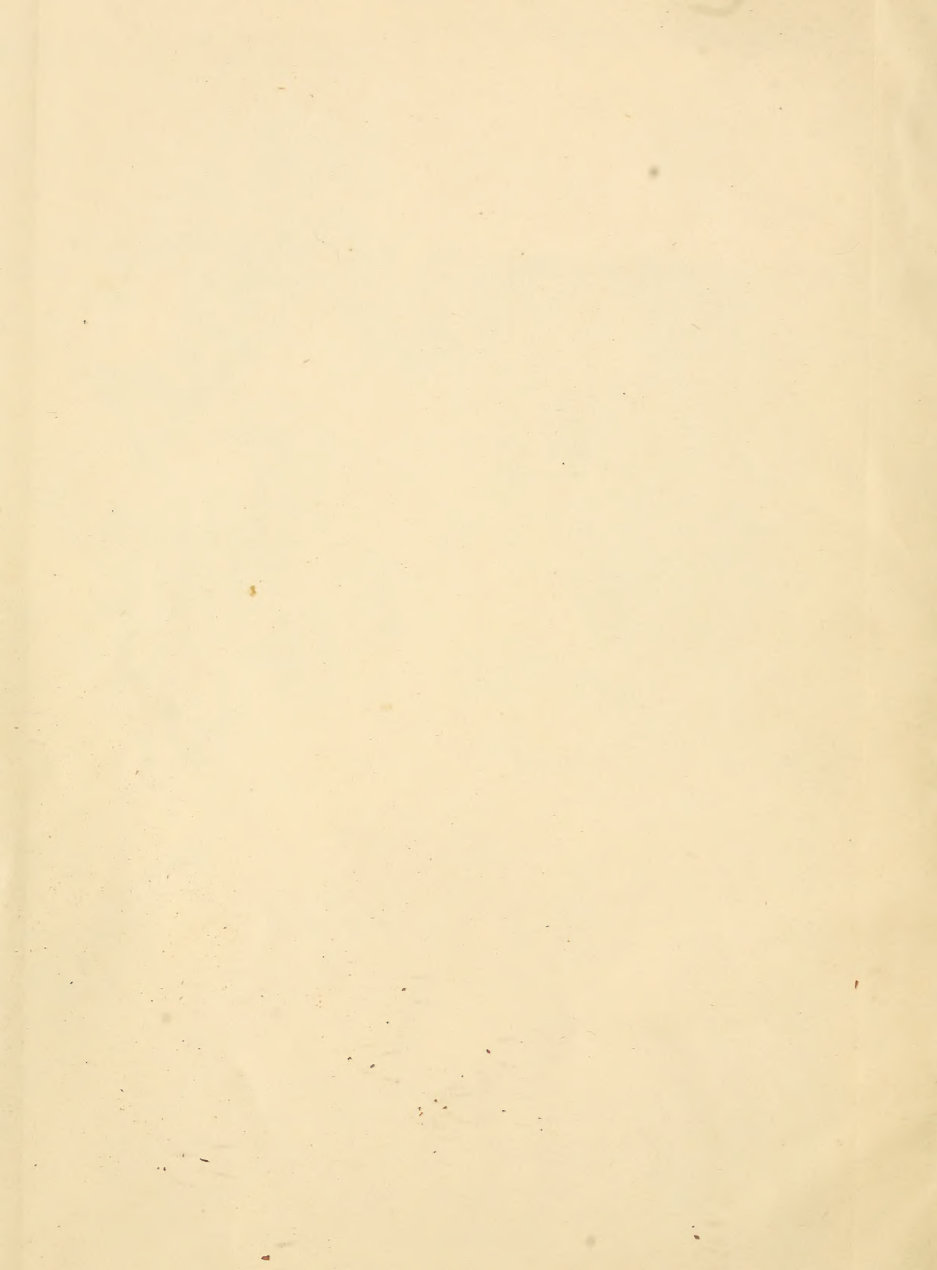
JOHN L. SMITH,

Please acknowledge receipt,

Aug 28









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OF THE

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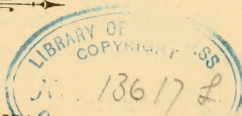
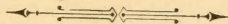
OF PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 3D TO 14TH, 1880, INCLUSIVE,

ON THE

SCHOONER "EMMA COLLINS."

By Clifford P. Allen



PHILADELPHIA:
ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT, PRINTERS,
Nos. 229-231 South Fifth Street.
1880.

THE PILGRIMS OF '80.

1. Sturgeon SMITH, Pastor, Cribist, Figure-Head, and Chief Diver.
2. Lobster LAMMON, Assistant Pastor, Poker Instructor, Temperance Advocate, and Hornpipe Wrestler.
3. Anchovy ALLEN, Clerk, Old-Sledge Professor, Lucre-Flinger, and Log-Keeper.
4. Kingfish KNIGHT, Ruling Elder, Euchreist, Fishing-Ground Inspector, and Bilge-Pumper.
5. Garfish GANDY, Superintendent Sunday-School, Keno Button, Shark Murderer, and Hash Destroyer.
6. Mackerel MOUSLEY, Senior Deacon, Penuchle One, Organist, and Grand Grub-Waster.
7. Catfish CHRIST, Junior Deacon, Chip One, King-Crab Catcher, and Orator-in-Chief.
8. Whale WEHN, Chairman Trustees, Rouncer, Flag-Hoister, and Quadrille Builder.
9. Bluefish BARBER, Sexton, California Jack, Captain of Artillery, and Head Surgeon.
10. Mullet MOUSLEY, No. 2, Pew-Opener, Full Hand, Fish Dissector, and Chambermaid.
11. Sheepshead SIXSMITH, Choir Leader, Straight-Flush, Chief Fish-Scaler, and Champion Pie-Biter.
12. Dogshark DAVIS, Organ-Blower, Four Aces, Bait-Opener, and Club Barber.
13. Rockfish RAUCH, Penny Lifter, Three-of-a-Kind, Head-Gear Inspector, and Quiet Man of the Club.
14. Perch PARMALEE, Librarian, High, Bait Distributor, and Band Leader.
15. Eel EISENHOWER, Bell-Ringer, Low, Oyster-Grapppler, and Engineer of Shore-Net.
16. Haddock HANSON, Precentor, Jack, Fish-Weigher, and Captain of Lobster Pots.
17. Porgy PACKARD, Delegate to Synod, Game, Log-Illustrator, and Crayon-Slinger to the Club.

Members will digest the following

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

No. 1. Any member found tampering with or eating the Clam Bait or Shells during pastime hours, without a special permit from the cook, shall be keel-hauled.

No. 2. No Alligator, Tadpole, Sucker, Smelt, Mermaid, or Sea Serpent shall, under any circumstances, be allowed on our lines.

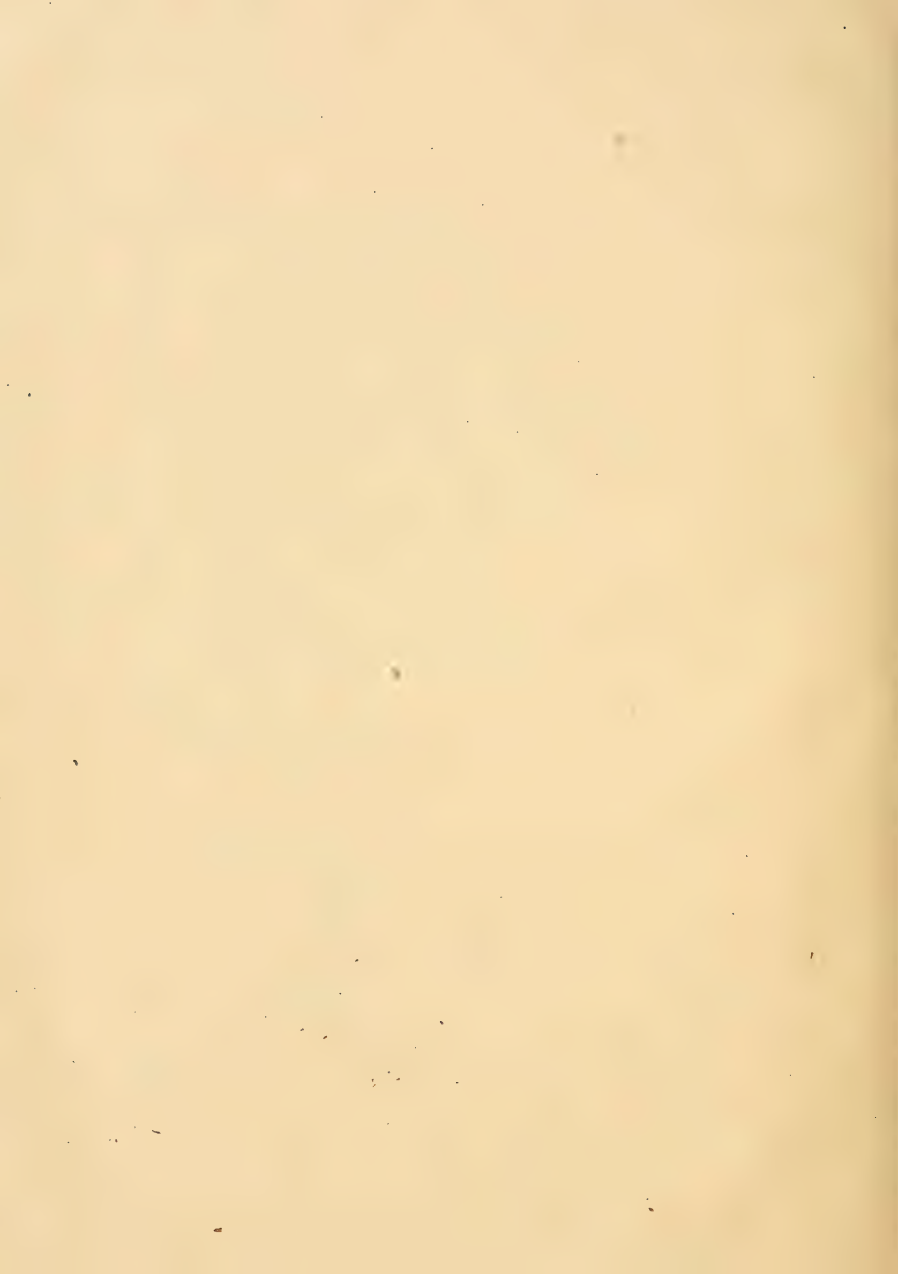
No. 3. Any member detected using Charms, Incantations, or Spells, such as spitting on his Hooks, using asafetida on his Bait, or making use of any superstition to draw the fish to his line, shall be expelled.

No. 4. Any member running his finger against a fish-fin shall apologize to the fish and be fin(n)ed.

OH LIST TO OUR W(H)INE.

W HITE	W ELL
A SSORTED	A NY
T HICK	T AR
E LEGANT	E YE
R OUGH	R AIN

BY ORDER OF THE PRESBYTERY.



COPY OF THE LOG.

SATURDAY, JULY 3d, 1880.

THE members of the Club gathered at the wharf of Messrs. Clement & Dunbar during the morning, accompanied by numerous friends and acquaintances, who filled the deck of the schooner and the end of the pier at which she was lying. As the stores and baggage of the members arrived, they were stowed below until all preparations were complete. It had been rumored among the members that Rauch, the quiet man, intended leaving the Club at the last minute, and as he moved up the gangway, when the word was passed for landsmen to leave the vessel, he was promptly seized and handcuffed to the shrouds,



RAUCH HANDCUFFED.

amid the cheers of the Club and the crowd on the wharf, and the lamentations of his wife, who supposed he was to be executed for mutiny. The word was given to cast off at 1 P. M. precisely. As sail was made on the schooner, the beautiful burgee, presented to the Club by their lady friends, and containing the name of the Club, rose to the main-peak, and was enthusiastically cheered and saluted with the gun. For the third time, the good schooner "Emma Collins" departed, under the command of Captain William H. Walls, laden with the flower of the Second Presbyterian Fishing Club, and followed by the good wishes of wives and friends left on the pier. A stiff breeze from N. W. was blowing at the start, and we ran down along the city front at a rattling gait, firing our gun and exchanging salutes with numerous tugs and steamers, by means of our fog-horn, as they met or passed us. (NOTE.—When Smith's Island was reached, being beyond the reach of *habeas corpus*, Rauch was released.) By the time Gloucester was reached, the members had torn all the lining out of their throats by cheering, and were ready to quiet down a little until the roll was called, and the following muster made:—

J. L. SMITH, *Commodore*.

JOHN LAMMON, *First Lieutenant*.

C. P. ALLEN, *Second Lieutenant*.

GEO. MOUSLEY, *Boatswain*.

H. J. CHRIST, *Captain of Watch*.

GEO. W. KNIGHT, *Captain's Clerk*.

GEO. WEHN, *Anchor Watch*.

ALLEN BARBER, *Gunner*.

CHAS. MOUSLEY, *Boatswain's Mate*.

WM. H. RAUCH, *Powder Monkey*.

WM. H. DAVIS, *Sergeant of Marines*.

CHAS. PARMALEE, *Drum Major*.

WM. H. SIXSMITH, *Swab*.

WILLIAM H. WALLS, *Captain*.

JOHN WALLS, *Mate*.

RICHARD GREGORY, *Purser*.

WILLIAM AMES, *Steward*.

Our artist brother, Packard, had been detained in New York by press of business, and was to join us in a day or two. Eisenhower was forced to stay at home by a death in his family at the last moment, and received the sympathy of the entire party in his affliction. Off Red Bank, were passed by the steamer "Juniata," whose passengers were greatly entertained by the music of our hand-organ, and greeted us heartily.

At 2.30 P. M., the Steward set out a cold collation for the benefit of those members who had had no dinner. The deviled crabs, which formed

the mainstay of this meal, were donated by one of the lady members of the Club, and her memory is held in grateful remembrance by those partaking thereof, as one who knew "how to devil a crab." None of the ladies were behindhand in kind acts, as the number of cakes, buns, pies, and other delicacies sent on board bore witness. In fact, the only drawback to this lunch was the miserable apology for lemonade made by Sixsmith and Wehn, who were promptly ordered not to touch the lemon-squeezer again during the voyage. After lunch, a general drawing for berths took place, and each member, as he drew his number, took possession and stowed his bedding and baggage for the trip. With blankets rolled at the head of the mattresses, valises at the foot, and spare clothes hung around, the ship made a decidedly home-like appearance. At 3 P. M., off the upper end of Tinicum, the little steam yacht "River Queen" passed us with a number of ladies aboard, who received our uproarious greetings smilingly, and waved their farewells to us. The stiff breeze hung to us, and at 3.30 P. M. we were off Chester, with everything flying straight out, including the huge fish of last year, which attracted universal attention wherever we went. The inaugural game of "Poke" had already been commenced, and the veterans were beginning to look to their laurels, as Rauch had already drawn four aces, which hand, to his great disgust, netted him the enormous sum of one cent. Off Roach's ship-yard, we had a good send-off from tug "Dorie Emory," and a three-masted schooner which she had in tow, with her ship's bell. At 4.05 P. M., off Lindenthorpe Club-house, were passed by steamer "Reybold" with a large crowd of excursionists, among whom we were glad to see our old friend and fellow-member Williams. The exchange of greetings was kept up long and enthusiastically as we sailed side by side for some distance. The Club-house also contributed its quota of well-wishers, who dipped their colors in acknowledgment of our salute. The breeze had shifted to W., and was getting a little lighter. Rauch, who did not want anything to eat for a month after taking his lunch, has been asking, for the last hour, "how soon supper will be ready?" The wind began to blow up again as the table was being set for supper at 5 P. M., and made it difficult to keep the dishes in place. The meal was duly discussed, however, and the usual accompaniment of small talk denoted that the moral members of the Club were still in the ascendancy as in former years, and a vigorous thump or two was not wanting when needed to impress on the minds of the new-comers any violation of the old-established usages of the Club. As the meal was nearly over, the schooner being off Wilmington at the time, a squall from W. bore rapidly down upon us. Foresail and mainsail were taken in in short order, and at 5.30 P. M. we are running under jib alone; Lammon taking his trick at the helm while Captain and crew get supper. The squall passed rapidly to leeward, and at 5.40 the sails were again set, and

we went along fairly with a light breeze. Numerous craft, among which were the steamers "Perry" and "John A. Warner," were met and appropriately saluted in the next half-hour. A fine rainbow was on exhibition for nearly that length of time, giving promise of good weather for the morrow. At 6.35 P. M. met the "Republic" from Cape May, and exchanged salutes. Off Newcastle at 6.45 P. M. under easy sail, suffering the first severe affliction of the trip, in the shape of a poetical quotation by Smith. Passed Fort Delaware at 7.45 P. M., the breeze still good, with one-half the party devoted to "Poke," while the other half improved the music of the orguINETTE, by organizing a straight four on deck. The wind shifted to N. W., and blew a steady breeze. After dark, all hands gathered on deck, and our Band-master Parmalee entertained us and the crews of three other schooners sailing close to us, with music from his cornet, winning great applause from all his audience. At 9.20 P. M. passed Ledge Light, with the wind veering to N., and blowing fresh. Singing by the gang was now in order, and was indulged in for nearly an hour, until Smith's efforts to sing "We're All Afloat" ruined the harmony of the evening. It is a beautiful evening, cool and pleasant air, the sky bright with stars, and the waters marked with phosphorescent light. The fine night, the music, and the good humor in which everybody finds himself, combine to make as pleasant a sail as we have ever enjoyed, and all are loath to go below. George Mousley is the general subject of remark, and the boys are inclined to think themselves injured parties, because he has passed Fort Delaware without being sea-sick. He seems determined, however, to earn a new reputation for himself on this trip. Christ is feeling a little qualmish, but although assisted by Smith with almost superhuman efforts, has not succeeded in ridding himself of his supper. Passed Reedy Island Light at 9.45 P. M., and Collins' Beach at 10.15 P. M., the hotel being lit up and a dance in progress. At 10.30 sighted Ship John Light. Some of the party were snoring by this time, and the others gradually turned in until the Captain and Mate were left alone to anchor below Cohansey Light at 11.30 P. M., having made the run of sixty-seven miles in ten and a half hours. The last sound audible to any of the crew was a faint inquiry from Rauch as to "whether there would be any lunch before morning."

SUNDAY, JULY 4th.

THE morning broke bright and clear, and was ushered in with the Star-Spangled Banner, Yankee Doodle, and other patriotic airs by Par-

malee, firing the gun by Barber at 4 A. M., and other noises calculated to improve the tempers of those who were trying to get a morning nap. But remonstrances were useless, and all hands were routed out by 5 A. M., except Christ, who finished up the sleeping for the remainder of the crowd. The jib was hoisted, and we ran down the shore near the pier at Sea Breeze, and again anchored. A party took the net ashore to get some crabs for bait.

Breakfast was called at 7 A. M., but was kept waiting for the crabbing party. They returned at 7.15, and Rauch reported that Lammon was taken sick on the passage from shore, and had made the first offering to Neptune. We can only log the report for what it is worth, considering the source of information. At 7.45 A. M., breakfast being over, the anchor was weighed and sail made for the fishing-grounds near Ship John. The crew had been divided into watches,



OUR NET.

for police duty on each day, whose duties were to weigh anchor, make sail, wash down the decks, feed chickens, build lemonade, and be "cussed" generally by all hands not on duty. Smith, Lammon, and Allen had the first dose yesterday; and Knight, Christ, and Mousley were announced for duty to-day. The word being passed to hoist mainsail, Christ became seriously indisposed and was excused from duty for the day, Wehn taking his place. We soon reached the fishing-grounds, and had not long anchored before Charles Mousley caught the first fish, followed in quick succession by Lammon and Knight. Christ felt better as soon as we got to fishing, and became quite expert in throwing his fish across the vessel and into the water on the other side. Smith distinguished himself as the champion toad-fisherman, while George Mousley entertained the crew with music on the organ and orguette, after exhibiting his mechanical genius by repairing the organ handle. This had been broken last night through some skylarking going on in the bunks, one of the gang being gently hove from the starboard to the port side, where he belonged, and falling on the organ. As we had come past the light, we gave it a salute, and soon after anchoring, were boarded by our old friend, Assistant Keeper Wright, who was cordially welcomed and given the freedom of the vessel. When he returned to the light, he took with him a boat-load of the members, some of whom had never been in the light before. The fish did not bite very fast, but the catch furnished us with a square meal. At 10 A. M. the schooner "Sarah Ann" hove in sight with a bay

party on board, whom we saluted with gun, horn, and music, and were loudly cheered and had a gun fired in return. During the morning the shark-hooks had been baited and thrown overboard, and at 10.30, those remaining on board were thrown into a fearful state of excitement by the sight of Allen going through the gymnastic exercises on the after-deck. Being cautiously approached, it was found that his contortions were due to the fact that he had really hooked a shark and brought him to the side of the schooner. Plenty of assistance was soon at hand, and the bight of a rope being put around his tail by Lammon, who was held suspended by the heels for that purpose, he was hauled bodily on board and found to be of the saw-tooth species. He was quite vicious at first, but a few gentle "prods" down his throat with the butt of an oar sickened him, and he lay quiet. He was measured and found to be 6 feet 6 inches long. Allen's success in shark-fishing soon secured him reinforcements in the person of Commodore Smith, and the lines were soon set again. In less than fifteen minutes a yell from the Mate announced another bite, and help being quickly at hand, a second monster was soon brought to the surface of the water. He proved to be larger and more ferocious than the first one, and we were compelled to summon Rauch with his rifle. He quickly responded, and sending a ball through the shark's head, quieted him at once. He was then drawn on board and handed over to Dr. Lammon for dissection. He soon had his carpet bag open, and finding nothing therein, concluded to make the occasion interesting by winding the shark's liver around Rauch's neck, he being the nearest spectator. The Steward made the narrowest escape on record from the same treatment, he having moved from the front rank only about three seconds too soon. Rauch, of course, did not take his medicine quietly, but pursued his assailant around the decks until he had given him a like dose. The excitement attending the shark-fishing soon brought all hands back from the light, including the keeper, Captain Knowles, who, in common with Wright, greatly enjoyed both the shark-catching and the opportunity to partake of the hospitality of the Presbyterians and hear some of their music. The shark first caught was supposed by this time to be dead, but George Mousley, happening to stand close to him as he lay on the deck, was saluted by a vigorous slap on the leg, which scared him so badly that he did not recover from the shock for some time. The second shark measured 8 feet from end to end, and was of the same species as we had caught in former years at the Breakwater, having four rows of teeth like curved needles. At 11.45 A. M. we hoisted jib and mainsail, bade adieu to the keepers, and stood in for Sea Breeze. In a few minutes the wind almost died out, and we did not reach the wharf until after the "Warner" had made her landing at 1.15 P. M. Dinner was dispatched while under way, and as soon as we had anchored, the entire party went ashore, taking with them the two sharks which had been captured, and hauling them up on the beach

for the benefit of the excursionists by the steamer. Large crowds gathered around them, most of whom had never before seen a shark; and their pleasure, freely expressed, at witnessing the monsters, fully repaid the members of the club for their labors. The members took their way up to the hotel, meeting several friends among the crowds, and there made the acquaintance of another man, who wore a duster and was enclosed in a sort of pen behind a long counter. The acquaintance seemed mutually satisfactory, and the gang retired in good order to await the departure of the "Warner." Several of the party took advantage of the presence of Mr. Edward C. Rauch, of Harrisburg, brother of our quiet member, on the steamer, to send letters to their homes, announcing the safe arrival of the Club at this point. At 3.30 the "Warner" left, and all hands embarked in the gilling skiff for home, or what we had begun to call home, as it was all we would have for the next ten days. On getting aboard, the police served up a can of ice-cream, which came in very good, as the boys had got warmed up coming out from the pier. A short rest under the awning, with the help of the cream, soon freshened them up and gave them strength to fight the green-headers who had come off to us in strong force. Charles Mousley took refuge under a canopy of netting which he had rigged over his bunk, and which preserved his head at least. Rauch, unable to resist the temptation, sent it spinning away by a well-directed throw of a banana, thus breaking off a quiet nap. This amusement consumed the time until 5 P. M., at which hour the mudhook was again raised and sail made for Fortescue Beach. Wind light from S. W., and hardly enough of it to stem tide. Supper was called at 6 P. M., and disposed of while under way. This meal gave us the first specimen of our new Steward's biscuits. They were voted an immense success, as well as the baked hash which he added to the bait list. After supper the breeze freshened and we made better time. At 6.30 met the Allen Bay Club coming up, and exchanged greetings with them. The wind gathered strength all the evening, and blew so as to keep the forward decks all awash and stirred up the boys' "innards" in style. George Mousley began to be troubled with a cough which had a very suspicious sound, but he held on bravely. Passed Ledge Light at 7.30 P. M., the wind still freshening. Anchored off Fortescue Beach at 8.30 P. M., pretty well away from shore. After anchoring and making everything



CHAS. MOUSLEY GETS THE BEST OF THE MOSQUITOES TEMPORARILY.

snug for the night, all hands gathered around the table and listened to recitations and songs until 10 P. M., at which time all turned in for the night. The schooner pitched and rolled in the heavy sea, and almost induced Mousley to let go his hold of his supper, but he changed his mind at the last minute, as did Christ and Parmalee, who were both a little off, but managed to turn in with full cargoes aboard. It would be injustice to to-day's police, to pass them by without special notice of the manner in which they have discharged their duties for the day.

Unflinchingly and without a murmur they went through the whole routine, and lay down at night almost too tired to sleep, but with the proud satisfaction of knowing that the names of Wehn, Knight, and Mousley deserved to be recorded among those who wished well to their fellow-members.

MONDAY, JULY 5th.

ALL hands on deck at an early hour. The strong wind held on all night, making the hold cool and pleasant, and the sleepers made the most of it. Few sounds were to be heard from 10 P. M. till 4 A. M., except the regular breathing of the sleepers and the noise of Barber's bellows, as he ran regularly up and down a whole octave of notes. The police gang for the day was named as Barber, Christ, and Charles Mousley. At 5 A. M. a boat-load went over to the beach with the net, and came off again at 7 A. M. with a lot of crabs. A small blue-fish was caught in the net also. Breakfast was waiting when they arrived, and judging from the amount of hash stowed away, they must have made a trade of appetites while on shore with a lot of mules. Soon after breakfast it was determined to run out to the fishing-grounds, and the police were called to raise the anchor and make sail. After long search, the entire gang was found in the hold in the midst of a game of "Poke." A grand rally was necessary to drive them to their duties. The required aid was soon at hand, in the person of Commodore Smith, backed by a club, and we got away at 9 A. M., leaving the Hacker Bay Club still anchored before Fortescue. The Mundell Bay Club had sailed down the bay at an earlier hour. Both these clubs had been anchored close to us all night. At 9.20 we were anchored on the oyster rocks, and Knight secured the first fish, closely followed by Parmalee. "Poke" seemed to have more attractions than fishing, as its votaries outnumbered the disciples of the gentle art two to one, including the entire police department. Fish were caught in rapid suc-

cession for a few minutes, and then the bites came more slowly. After fifty weak-fish had been secured, the police were again called to the anchor, but as they were busy at cleaning fish, volunteers were necessary to raise the anchor and make sail. We had agreed to meet our friend Packard at Bombay Hook, and it was necessary to run back to that point. At 10.45 we were off, with the wind blowing fresh from S. W. The police did their duty by the fish we had caught, with the exception of Christ, who had to be clubbed by his fellow-officers to keep him up to his work. A delightful sail followed, the sky being slightly overcast, and the fresh breeze making it cool and pleasant. At 12 M. the "Republic" passed down on her trip to Cape May. At 12.30 we passed again the Ship John Light, and were saluted by Captain Knowles with the fog-bell, we firing a gun in return. At 1.30 P. M. anchored off Bombay Hook, just after the steamer "Clyde" had made fast to the pier. Dinner had been ready for some time, and was served as soon as sail was stowed away. The snapper soup was hard to beat, and all hands being able to take full rations, ample justice was done to the meal. After dinner the whole party went ashore and took in the round of the various amusements going on around the hotel. Rifle-shooting and dancing were mostly patronized. Lammon, Davis, Wehn, Rauch, and Sixsmith being the handsomest men in the party, had little difficulty in securing partners; but Smith, after vainly trying to secure a partner, succeeded in getting a baby to hold while its mother danced with some "other fellow."

He wandered around the grounds with the youngster in his arms, showing it all the sights, and when it was presented with a red chip by Rauch, he very considerably pocketed it, to keep the child from choking on it. A large number of people were present; many came down on the "Clyde" and on the railroad from Smyrna, while the surrounding country sent its contribution in carriages and wagons. While waiting to see the "Clyde" depart, a light shower of rain came up, but not enough to drive the people indoors. It lasted about half an hour, with the wind from S. W. At 5 P. M., we

came off to the schooner again and lay around loose, while the police washed down the decks, pumped out the bilge, and put things into good shape generally. The Captain, after sighting Christ by a tree on shore for some time, concluded he had died at his post, and, taking the bilge pump out of his hand, finished the job for him. At 6 P. M., supper was called, and put through in quick time and but one motion. At 7.30 the gilling skiff was sent ashore with the fireworks which we had aboard, and Mr. George A. Millington, the proprietor, having kindly given permission, they were set off on the lawn in front of the hotel. There was a ball



OUR PRESIDENT HOLDING BABY
WHILE MOTHER DANCES
WITH LAMMON.

in progress in the dancing pavilion ; but all the participants, together with the inmates of the billiard-room and the boarders at the hotel, poured out into the grounds to witness the display. It was pronounced on all sides a grand success, and greeted at the close with a round of cheers for the Second Presbyterian Fishing Club. At 9 P. M., all hands embarked for the schooner, which they reached without accident or incident worthy of note. The inveterate Pokers opened their ball as soon as lights could be lit, while Mousley and Parmalee entertained us with music on the organ and cornet until 10 P. M. Everybody had turned in a few minutes afterwards except the loggist, who was busily engaged in writing up his log, when a commotion was apparent in the neighborhood of Rauch's bunk. In stretching out, Rauch had put his foot on a large crab, which resented the movement by seizing his toes. The activity with which he vacated the premises would have secured him a prize at a Turner festival. Parmalee, who was his next neighbor, deserves honorable mention for his agility also, and the whole starboard side were not long in leaving. Lights were soon in requisition and the search began ; crab after crab was found under the blankets or between the mattresses, until it seemed as if the bait-box had been emptied into Rauch's bunk. For nearly an hour the uproar continued, as some of the crabs were transferred to the port side, that the sleepers on that side might not lose all the fun. At last, all had been returned to the deck, as was supposed, until Parmalee went to lie down again and nearly sat on one of the largest size, which lay in the middle of the bed, clashing his claws together like a pair of cymbals.



"THE WOODS ARE FULL OF 'EM!"

The exclamation of "Good Lord, the woods are full of 'em!" from Parmalee, brought down the house. Everybody finally quieted down again, although the slightest movement near one of the gang was sufficient to start him into active motion.

TUESDAY, JULY 6th.

THE crew slept well after their active exertions of last night, and did not turn out generally until the police of the day, Rauch, Davis, and Sixsmith, began active exertions on deck. Christ was allowed to lie abed until 6.30 A. M., in consideration of his violent exertions of yesterday, his constitution being known to be in need of rest. Some of the members put out lines before breakfast and were rewarded by catch-

ing a number of weak-fish, which the police took promptly in hand and had the Steward transfer at once to the frying-pan. At 7 A. M., Dick's welcome voice announced "Breakfast while the fish are hot." No second bell was required, as the flavor of weak-fish, fresh from their native element, is well known to the average Presbyterian. The wind had continued to blow heavily through the night, until it had culminated in a shower of rain, which must have calmed it down, as the breeze this A. M. is light and has shifted to N. W., the weather clear and warm. The police for the day have commenced their work with an enthusiasm which denotes the true artist; one who loves his work for its own sake. The chief, Rauch, has been here, there, and everywhere, keeping his subordinates well in hand and using every exertion for the comfort of the Club, although his exceedingly disrespectful language is one drawback. Captain Walls was hoisted to the mast-head this morning and straightened the top-mast, which carries our fish, and which had been bent over by the heavy wind. The idea was broached of leaving him there for two or three days, but consideration for his wife and fourteen children carried the day, and he was lowered again. Breakfast being made away with, most of the gang went ashore to the hotel again, while others took the yawl and rowed to a sandy beach near by to haul the net. After making several hauls, they were joined by the hotel party, who lent their assistance to make several more. All hands then turned in for a swim, which was greatly enjoyed except by Rauch, who had one eye closed by a huge plaster of mud which was gently tossed at him. Our bath over, another turn was taken with the net, during which a heavy shower passed over us, lasting not more than ten minutes, but wetting us pretty well, and giving a christening to the burgee presented by the ladies, which was floating at the mast-head of the schooner. Both boats then came off to the schooner, having a small race by the way, in which the gilling skiff came in ahead, and found the police prepared for their reception with a bucket of cold lemonade, with which sad havoc was made.

Dinner was called at 12 M., and full justice done to the stewed chicken with fixings which the bait-list called for, as well as the frozen peaches which followed. Fears begin to be entertained that, unless some one gets sea-sick before long, a famine on board will be the result. The "Clyde" hove in sight while the meal was in progress, and we had barely time, after we had finished, to man the skiff and get to the pier as she made fast. The Mate saluted her as she passed our schooner, and was answered by her whistle. The police gathered the mail before we started, and on landing gave it to Captain McMunn, who kindly volunteered to post it when he arrived in the city. He also gave us the daily papers and brought a message from Packard, who did not put in his appearance, that he would meet us at the Breakwater. We returned immediately to the schooner, and prepared to bid adieu to Bombay

Hook. The police weighed anchor, and declared that it weighed four tons. Sail was made at 1.20 P. M., and we started for the Breakwater with a light wind from S. The morning papers were eagerly seized by some, while the inevitable Poke was organized by the Pastor and Deacons of the Club, and the police cleaned the fish caught during the morning and then filled up the lemonade bucket. Off Cohansey at 2 P. M. met the steam yacht "Mischief," and exchanged salutes. At 2.35 P. M. passed Ship John Light for the third time, and again exchanged salutes. Off Ben Davis' Point at 3.45 P. M., the wind getting very light and tide about on the turn. At 4.35 met the "Republic" at the upper end of Joe Flogger Shoal. The wind began to haul to W., but still very light. At 5 P. M. were passed by "Reading Collier No. 3," outward bound. At 5.10 P. M. off Fortescue Beach, the police were struck with a sudden fit of industry, while all hands were seeking the shade of the foresail, and began to wet down the deck, scattering the crowd in short order. As they were all driven into the sun, they were all truly sorry when the chief Rauch ran his head against the boom, while throwing a bucket of water. Sixsmith, in his zeal to do something, drew a bucket of salt water and gave it to the chickens to drink. Davis so over-exerted himself as to be obliged to retire to his bunk. At 5.45 the chief of police, seeing a crowd gathered under the shade of the mainsail, was taken with another spasm, and set to work to pump out the bilge, directly under their noses. They stood not on the order of their going, but went at once. At 6.05 the word was passed for supper, and all responded except Davis, who was off his feed. The wind had been against the tide all the afternoon, kicking up a little sea. George Mousley confined his supper to dry crackers, passing everything in the shape of cakes or anything greasy. Chocolate cakes in particular seemed to be odious to his sight. Although every inducement was held out to him to ease his conscience, he persisted in remaining firmly and obstinately well. At 6.35 passed Ledge Light; wind still from W. and light. Numerous squalls have risen and passed around us this afternoon, but none has as yet reached us. The weather looks thick in every direction, except just overhead, where it is clear and bright. Gathered in the stern of the schooner after supper, the Club listened to the recital of "Schiller's Battle" by Rauch, followed by Christ with the "Voice of the Silent;" then Rauch again with some quaint Pennsylvania Dutch poems. There being several three-masted schooners within two to three hundred yards of us, drifting in company, they were treated by Mousley to music on the organ, followed by Parmalee with the cornet; this brought all hands to their decks, including women and children. The wind had almost died out on us, while a heavy squall was working up gradually from E., and everything was made snug in preparation for it, as it had a dirty look. At 8 P. M. the wind shifted to E. The clouds hung heavy for a time, but broke up again,

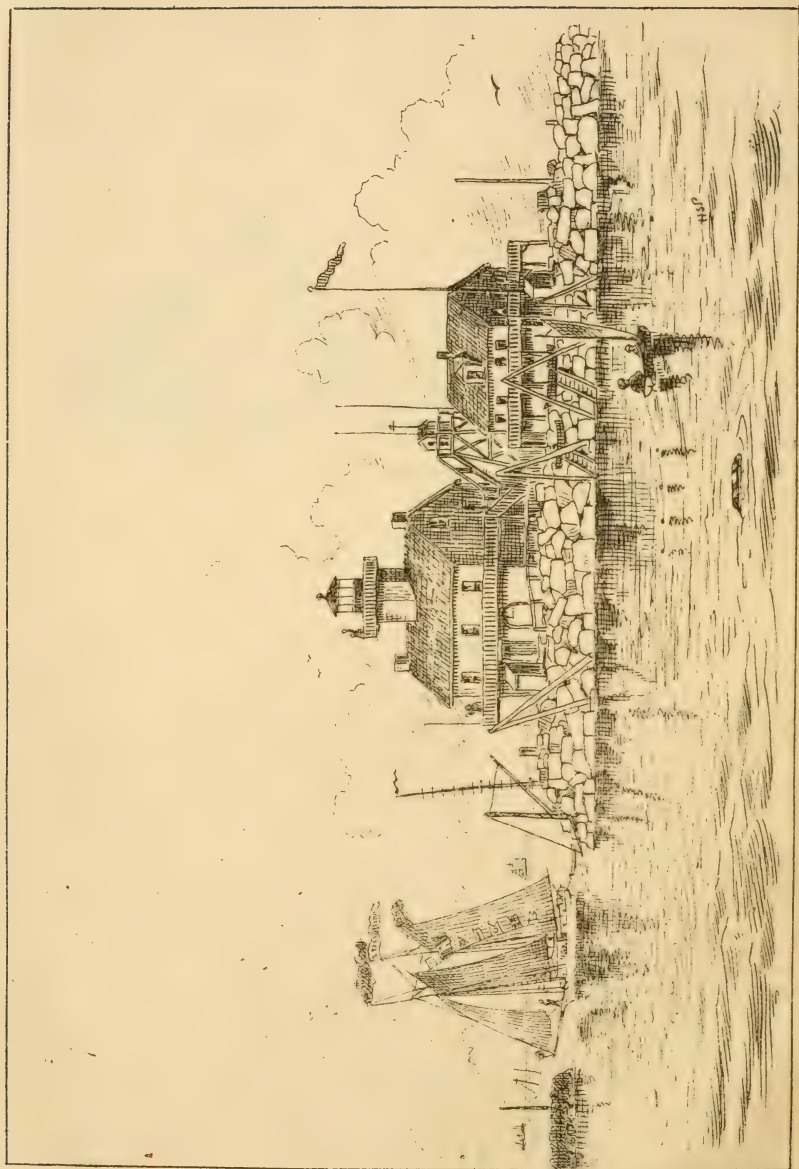
and the wind got light and baffling, making a drift of it. The rest of the evening was spent in spinning yarns and listening to songs from Captain Walls until 10 P. M., when most of the gang turned in. A few mosquitoes have made their appearance, giving promise of company for the night. We are wallowing about in the bay, some four miles from Egg Island Light. At 10.30 P. M. we came to anchor, and the mosquitoes came aboard in two columns, with skirmishers on either flank. Resistance was useless, and most of the Club surrendered at discretion, and spent the greater part of the night traveling from the bunks to the deck and back again. These little pests were about the only things the model police of to-day seemed inadequate to contend with, as they warmed the chief from the word go.



JERSEY MOSQUITOES PREPARING FOR THE "2D P.'S."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7th.

THE calm continued throughout the night, although the mosquito storm raged below decks. The loggist having discarded his bunk for the table on deck, enjoyed a broken sleep until 3.40 A. M., when the police were called to raise anchor and endeavor to leave the too hospitable natives of Jersey who loved us so well. Smith, Lammon, Allen, and Parmalee constitute to-day's detail. Smith started in well for the day, being the last to respond both to the call and the work to be performed, although most vociferous in shouting. Quick time was made in heaving anchor and setting sail, but we only drifted with the tide, as it was a dead calm, and the surface of the bay as unruffled as a mirror. The mosquitoes still continue thick, and have as many bills to present to the Club as a hotel-keeper at a Jersey watering-place. Wehn seems to be the chief sufferer, as he is about the most tender meat on board. He has enjoyed a walk-around, all to himself, the greater part of the night. This is nothing new for him, however, as he gets in a nap or two in the afternoon, and another early in the evening, and then commences to owl around about 3 A. M., punching sleepers in the ribs, asking them to get up and go on police duty, giving dissertations on the advantages of early rising, but making few converts.



OUR ARRIVAL AT THE BREAKWATER.

Shortly after starting, all hands were on deck ; even Christ making his appearance in time to see the sun rise from his watery bed. This, being a thing unprecedented in the annals of the Club, was announced with loud applause. Davis also turned up, covered all over with little knobs, where the Jerseymen had fed on him unmolested ; he having slept soundly through it all. As the sun rose, a light air sprang up from N., and we shaped our course for the Breakwater. At 6.45 met the English steamer "Beaconsfield," bound in, and exchanged salutes with her. At 7 A. M. breakfast was rattled off while sailing, the breeze being still light from N. Tide being with us, we made slowly down. Rauch built a spider out of a piece of cork and some bristles, and went the rounds of the boat, causing the members to expend some surplus muscle by striking it away from their faces. He finally wound up with the Steward, who struck frantically at the supposed spider, until he knocked it down. The awning was rigged at 8 A. M., and two sets of Pokers started in to wrangle over their respective games, while the schooner lay almost motionless on the water abreast of Brandywine Light. The police, thankful that no fish are being caught, spend their time in stirring up mosquitoes for the benefit of the players, who, judging from their uncomplimentary remarks, are an ungrateful set. At 11 A. M. the wind started up from S., and we began to move along a little livelier. The police went below, and by the use of towels, shirts, and other deadly weapons, drove the mosquitoes on deck, where the wind soon carried them away, and everything was peace once more. At 11.30 A. M., moving along lively under full sail, sighted several schools of porpoises close to the vessel. Barber got the rifle up, but by the time he had it loaded, they were too far off to shoot, and he sat for half an hour on the heel of the bowsprit, like patience on a monument, waiting for a shot. When he got tired he passed the gun over to Davis, who was still watching when dinner was called at 12.15 P. M. The wind continues to freshen, and we have strong hopes of the provisions holding out, as Rauch had hardly commenced his dinner, when he was compelled to leave the table and render up his accounts. Mousley did not hanker after any dinner, and Wehn also was obliged to hold over. The Breakwater hove in sight while eating dinner. More life has been developed in the boys since this breeze came up than they have exhibited since the wind died out last night. At 1 P. M., we anchored behind the Stone-Pile with colors flying, music playing, and several rounds from the gun. By 1.15 the gang was ready to go over to Lewes, and the sail was put in the skiff, all hands got aboard and away for the railroad wharf. It was safely reached, and a deal of hard climbing enabled us to reach the top. A hot walk up the railroad soon brought us to the ancient town of Lewes. The first stop was made at the telegraph office, where several messages were in waiting for us and were duly answered. A break was then made for the post-office, where a large mail was re-

ceived, an entire bag being required for Rauch's mail alone. After writing and posting letters in reply, the party scattered through the town, some hunting barber shops, others purchasing necessary supplies, while Mousley found the blacksmith shop and had the organ handle made good as new. Dr. Knowles, we found by inquiry, was out of town, and did not report to him to-day. When most of the party had gathered in front of the hotel at 4 P. M., in anticipation of our return, a runaway ox-team was seen going down the road towards the creek, with two of our members aboard. As they passed the hotel, we made them out to be Wehn and Rauch. Wehn was seen to jump out as they passed the end of the street, but Rauch stuck to the team, and exhausted the vocabulary in his exhortations to the team to stop, but as they did not understand Schuylkill County Irish, they kept on and dumped him in the creek. When they were finally fished out and gathered up, we went our way to the beach, and taking the net from the boat, made several hauls of crabs for our bait-box. To-day's police committee are very fond of cleaning fish; in fact, they dote upon it, and are unhappy without some of that kind of work to do. But if there is any one thing in which this committee excels, it is the quality of self-denial. Knowing that to-morrow's gang are also passionately fond of the same amusement, the police spent several hours this morning in constructing a live-box, that any fish caught to-day can be held over until to-morrow. After such an heroic exhibition of self-denial, one might think they would receive congratulations on every hand, but it was not so; nothing but gibes and jeers were their reward. But it is ever so; the doers of good deeds need seldom look for their reward in this world. By the time we had sailed over to the schooner it was 6.30 P. M., and supper was all ready to go on the table. The first object we saw on gaining the deck was, to our utter astonishment, a shark a little over five feet long. Upon inquiry, we learned that his capture was due to the prowess of our Steward, Professor Ames, who accordingly received the congratulations of the Club. The signal station officer from the Breakwater came aboard as we sat down and, upon our invitation, partook of supper with us. After supper, some of the party went over to the Stone-Pile to fish for black-fish, with but little success. They found, however, a great many mosquitoes, which astonished them not a little, as we had never seen the animals here before. The wind has died down entirely since sundown, and the perfect calm gives the pests a chance to come from shore. Rauch and Wehn, dreading another night with the mosquitoes, mustered up "gall" enough to go over and invite themselves to sleep with the signal officer. Of course he was too polite to refuse, and they sent the boat back by the Mate. A committee of four was then sent ashore with some fireworks, which had been saved from Bombay Hook by the foresight of Commodore Smith. Having always treated the Breakwater to fireworks in former years, he was resolved it should

at least have a share in them. They were set off on top the stones and won great applause in all directions, especially from the two renegades who had gone back on the Club for the night, and who met tenfold worse enemies than mosquitoes would have been. By the time the committee returned it was 10 P. M. By half an hour later, all hands had turned in, and Christ gave us a number of recitations, as we lay in our bunks. Nearly all hands were smoking, and the port side looked like a whole row of range lights. Contrary to all forebodings, the mosquitoes did not show up aboard; not a single buzz being heard during the night. Good use was made of the time to regain sleep that was lost last night.



SHOOTING BED-BUGS AT BREAK-WATER LIGHT.

THURSDAY, JULY 8th.

ROUTED out this morning at 5 A. M., by some of the party going over after black-fish. Another boat-load was preparing to go, when they were arrested by a loud yell from the mate of "Shark!" All on board the boat were soon at his side and pulling on the line. He seemed particularly heavy and active, and very loath to come to the surface, pulling half a dozen men around like straws. When the hook came near the top of the water, it was found that we had hooked an immense stingaree, one whose strength seemed to surpass that of a shark, and whose size, as we afterwards learned, had never been equaled in Delaware Bay. Nobody seemed to want his company aboard in his lively condition, and as Rauch and Wehn had just come aboard, the former was sent for his rifle; the fish, meanwhile, twisted and turned his immense body and hideous-looking face in all directions, lashing the sea with his tail in his frantic efforts to escape. But the good shark-hook held on, until the shot square between his eyes from Rauch's rifle stiffened him as suddenly as if he had been struck by lightning or kicked by a mule. He was then hauled on deck, and his dimensions carefully taken. His body measured 4 feet in length and his tail 5 feet, making 9 feet over all. In breadth he measured 4 feet 6 inches, and about 10 inches through. His tail was ornamented with two large stingers, and was cut off and preserved, while his body was tumbled overboard. As Wehn had come down the steps from the light-house, it was low water, and the lower steps being covered with

green slime, his feet shot from under him and he took an involuntary plunge-bath, with his overcoat and gum pillow under either arm. The dip into the cold water, together with the ejaculation "Herr-r-r-Gottsbli-tzaestricke," which he got off at the same time, nearly deprived him of breath, while the tone in which Rauch calmly asked, "George, are you wet?" was the quintessence of coolness. He did not receive much sympathy on board the boat, the accident being regarded as punishment for "cheek." The fishermen went over to the stones and fished until breakfast was called at 7 A. M., when they returned with a basketful of black-fish and some good-sized crocus. Christ, having caught one fish, rested from his labors in the shadow of a large stone, and took the postscript of his last night's sleep; he having risen



WEHN GOES SCOL-LOP.
"GEORGE, DID YOU GET WET?"

when the stingaree was caught. Breakfast was dispatched with the usual appetite, after which the mate got two water-barrels into the boat, with the assistance of the police, and started for the spring at the end of the Government pier to fill them. This spring or well lies in the sand, not more than 100 feet from high-water mark, and the level of the water is some distance below that of the salt water. The water is as sweet and fresh as though taken from a well 100 miles from the ocean. On landing we found that, since our last year's visit, a lift and force pump had been rigged at the well with rubber hose extending to the beach. With this help, the matter of filling our barrels was mere play, and the boat was soon sent back with some of the party who wanted to fish, and instructions to the Mate to bring the net off. While waiting for his return, the rest of the party indulged in a bath, which was greatly enjoyed by all. By this time, the net had arrived, and we set to work with it. In a short time we had caught a bucket of crabs, some flounders, many dog-sharks, and a blow-toad. Smith, having accidentally dropped a couple of quarts of sand down the waistband of Christ's pants, was seized by that individual and rolled in the surf in excellent style; Christ then took another rest. Time was called when the bucket was filled, and we set sail for the schooner. On getting aboard, we were very agreeably surprised to find our fellow-member and artist Packard in possession. He had come down to Cape May and crossed over in a schooner to find us. Being delayed all night and most of the morning by light winds, he had arrived when

the ship was deserted, and finding no one on board but Charles Mousley, and he asleep, took possession without a blow. By the time we had given him a hearty welcome, it was twelve o'clock, and we sat down to our first meal in his company. After dinner, another fishing party went for black-fish, while the main party went over to Lewes again for the mail. While there, they called on Dr. Knowles, of the *Breakwater Light*, and were received in his usual hospitable manner. He would have Packard decorate his mantel-glass with a picture of the schooner "Emma Collins," with Smith in one corner, wearing a pair of wings, and the legend, "I want to be an angel." They tore themselves away at last, and stopping at the post-office, came off at 5 P. M., soon followed by the fishermen with another basket of black-fish. The shore-party brought with them an express package, directed to Smith, which was opened with due ceremony and found to contain an enormous beet, with an appropriate inscription, but no marks by which to identify the sender. During the afternoon the police, George Mousley, Wehn, and Knight, had cleaned up ship, cleaned the fish, and brightened things up generally. Supper was called at 6 P. M., and duly honored. Christ had gone to the trouble to toast some cheese as a little private dish, but left it all on the plate, when he found a trifle of coal oil had been added to it, while his back was turned for one moment. After supper, we lounged around the deck until nightfall, when it began to get cool and damp, and we adjourned to the hold, where it was more comfortable. At 8.40 P. M., while the regular evening services were in progress on the sinner's side of the hold, Dick, our Purser, passed the word "Something on the shark line!" A rush to the deck revealed the fact that we had hooked another shark. He was soon hauled on deck, and made fast fore and aft until morning. He measured 6 feet 4 inches in length. The schooner soon resumed its usual quiet, and the services proceeded from the point where they had been broken off. 10 P. M., the "Pokers" have just brought in two fresh candles, causing George Mousley, on whose bunk they are playing, to inquire anxiously whether they intend to use them up before quitting. The reputation earned by to-day's police on their previous day's duty, has been nearly lost to-day through their magnificent efforts to show us "how not to do it." It had been intended to run over to Cape May after supper to-night, but the wind coming out fresh from W., which would make a bad harbor of that shore, it was determined to lay where we are until morning and take an early start. Packard was shown to his bunk and took possession of his blankets at once, having been out since 3 A. M. in his efforts to join us. A heavy thunderstorm has been playing around outside the mouth of the bay all the evening. At 10.40 P. M. Allen went on deck to take the state of the weather before closing the log, and happening to try the shark line, found another fish hooked. The

party in the hold was broken up instanter, in order to haul the game aboard and secure it for the night. All hands then turned in and were soon asleep.

FRIDAY, JULY 9th.

At 2.30 A. M., "Police" was the word passed; the object, to have the anchor raised and sail made. Barber, Christ, and Charles Mousley soon responded, while Wehn acted as a volunteer, it being about the time he commences his nightly task of planking the deck. Christ did not require to be called more than fifteen or twenty times, and shows some disposition to redeem his past reputation. By 3 A. M. we had bid farewell to the Breakwater for this season, and shaped our course for Cape May with a light wind from S. At 5.45 A. M. anchor was dropped off the Republic's pier at Cape May Point. The shark caught last night was found to be 5 feet 8 inches long. Lammon dissected his head with a view to preserving his jaws as a trophy. At 7.10 A. M., as Dick was setting the table for breakfast, he noticed one of the shark lines pulling taut, and found on trying it that we had struck still another shark, thus sustaining the reputation of the Club beyond all precedent. He was drawn to the surface and held until Smith got a rope around his tail, and tied for further use. Breakfast was then dispatched; after which Lammon, Wehn, and Allen got into the yawl, and taking the line which was fast to the shark's jaw, endeavored to use him as a trotting horse and get a ride with him. He pulled the boat



A SHARK RIDE.

all right, but was bound to go with the tide, although Lammon repeatedly pulled him up and remonstrated with him by means of the paddle.

It was useless to argue with him, as we found the shark to be of an obstinate and contrary disposition; and we also came to the conclusion that it was hard to tell where the fun came in for us; having the shark pull us or pulling the shark back to the schooner against tide. It was a good deal like towing an anchor, and if he had not had one of our shark-hooks still in his jaws, he would have accidentally got off that line, sure. This shark was the largest we had yet caught, and measured 8 feet 4 inches in length. When we finally reached the schooner, the mail was got ready and all hands started for shore, taking the shark caught this morning along, as a present for our old friend Wash Hughes, of the hotel at the Point. He was taken to the beach, whence he was drawn up to the pier by a brigade of Wash's "coons" and laid out in state, ready to be exhibited to the excursionists by the "Republic." Wash was gratified to think that the boys always remember him in the fish line, and did everything to make our stay as pleasant as possible. At 10.10 we took the cars for Cape May, where we arrived in about ten minutes. A straight streak was made for the post-office, as everybody expected letters here. We soon reached there and deposited our mail, nearly all receiving in return welcome news from home, where everything seemed to be going well. A stroll was then taken around the principal hotels and down to the beach, where the party ran afoul of Captain Thomas Graham, of Philadelphia, who seemed determined to extend the hospitality of the city to the whole gang, when he found we hailed from the same place. When the party had collected at the Excursion House, Rauch, Wehn, and Sixsmith were found to be missing. The rest of the party took the cars to the Point, where they rested until 12.30 P. M., Christ meanwhile taking a nap to make up for getting up so early, although he had gone back to his bunk in the morning as soon as the schooner was under way. The "Republic" hove in sight about this time, and we waited on the pier until she had made her landing, when we took boat for the schooner, taking with us Mr. Kensel Wills of our own city, who was known to some of our members, and had accepted an invitation to go off and see how we lived. We soon got on board, and dinner being ready in a few minutes, was soon got rid of, as all hands were eager for the fray. Our friend Wills partook with us, and on getting ashore after dinner, left the boys a kindly token of his regard in the shape of a box of cigars, which were fully appreciated by them. When we returned to shore, the net was taken along and half a basket of crabs taken in with it, in addition to capturing the old steamboat landing and tearing several holes in the net. Just as we finished fishing and went up to Hughes' piazza, the three absentees made their appearance from the train, but utterly refused to give any account of their whereabouts during the day. After rolling several games of ten-pins, sail was made on the skiff, and the deck of the schooner reached in a short time.

The police were sent to the anchor at once, the jib and mainsail set, and Cape May began to recede from our view. We were compelled to leave this point so soon, as our engagements called us to Sea Breeze on Sunday, and we wished to make our points sure. The breeze was very light from W. As soon as supper was over, the awning was taken down and the foresail also set, as the wind was dying out and the flood-tide almost exhausted. The evening was calculated to invite us to stay in the open air; so the orguINETTE was brought up on the trunk cabin, and Knight and Packard treated us to music. As it grew dark, the wind got fresher, and we were able to stem tide when it turned. After dark, Parmalee brought out the cornet and an impromptu choir was organized, and song after song given with telling effect, until 10.30 came upon us without any one being aware of the lateness of the hour. At that time, we were abreast of Egg Island Light, working slowly up the bay. This has been the most enjoyable evening of the trip. The sky is bright with stars, the air pleasant and dry, and the singing has so wakened up the boys that but two or three have as yet made any move towards going below. At 11 P. M. all had turned in except the Captain and Mate, who ran on until 1 A. M., and then anchored on the oyster-beds off Kitt's Hammock.



CAPTAIN SAILING BOAT.

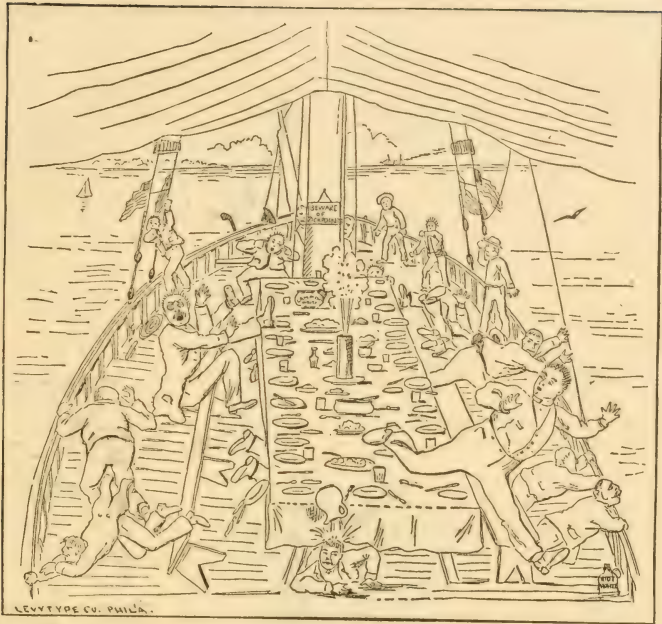
SATURDAY, JULY 10th.

THE morning dawned clear and pleasant. The first sounds heard on deck were, as usual, made by Wehn, who, with Knight to assist, started the fishing at 4 A. M. They were soon joined by Davis, Barber, Charles Mousley, and Parmalee, and by the time breakfast was ready, over one hundred weak-fish had been caught, and the fish were biting but little. Packard was put on duty with to-day's police. At

8.30 A. M. the anchor was raised and we ran in towards the shore, and sent the police off in the skiff to get some firewood, of which indispensable commodity we were getting short. We then anchored and tried the fish again. Fifty-six more were added to our larder, and we knocked off, having as many as we could take care of. Christ has been fishing for two hours this morning; got his hooks changed several times, used up enough crabs to catch a boat-load of fish, and wound up with a record of one toad-fish. The exertion was too much, and he took another nap. While fishing, the 1013 Bay Club ran close aboard us and exchanged salutes with us. At 11 A. M. the skiff came off with what wood they could get. Packard had made a picture of a young lady on shore, on whom Sixsmith was making a "mash," while the rest of the gang got the wood. After fishing, all hands lay around loose until somebody said "Poke," which raised a crowd in short order. Dinner created another diversion at 12.30, and the boiled weak-fish which our Steward tacked on to the regular bait-list did not go begging, being fresh from the water. A dozen more fish were captured after dinner by a couple of stray fishers who were anxious to stand well in the good graces of the police. When the latter had cleaned and salted all the fish, they weighed anchor for the third time to-day, the weight increasing every time, and we set sail for Sea Breeze. The awning was left spread, as the sun was very hot, although a splendid breeze was blowing. Passed Mahone's Ditch at 2.50 P. M. Sixsmith being ordered to make the organ fast, lashed it to the fore-boom, so that when we went about, it would have been lifted overboard. Mousley rushed to the rescue of his favorite instrument, and made it more secure. Reached Sea Breeze at 5.30 P. M., and found the Mundell Bay Club anchored there. They exchanged greetings with us as we came to, and generously shared their fire-wood with us, as we were still short. The schooner then stood off and on, while a boat was sent ashore to haul a few crabs. Enough were secured in a short time, and enough wood gathered on shore to see us through the trip. We then returned to the schooner, which ran out about three miles from shore to escape mosquitoes and green-headers which were thick on shore. Supper was disposed of during the passage, after which music and speaking were the order of the evening until 11 P. M., by which time all hands had turned in. Smith's recitations this evening were somewhat of the nature of improvisations, and had at least the merit of being unique. The air is warm, with scarcely any wind, and what there is comes from the Jersey shore, making us dread another invasion of mosquitoes. Half the gang have turned in on deck on account of the heat, and Wehn is preparing for his walk-around again. A cloudless sky, studded with countless stars, overhangs us, but a heavy thunderstorm has been playing in the S. E. all the evening, with sharp lightning.

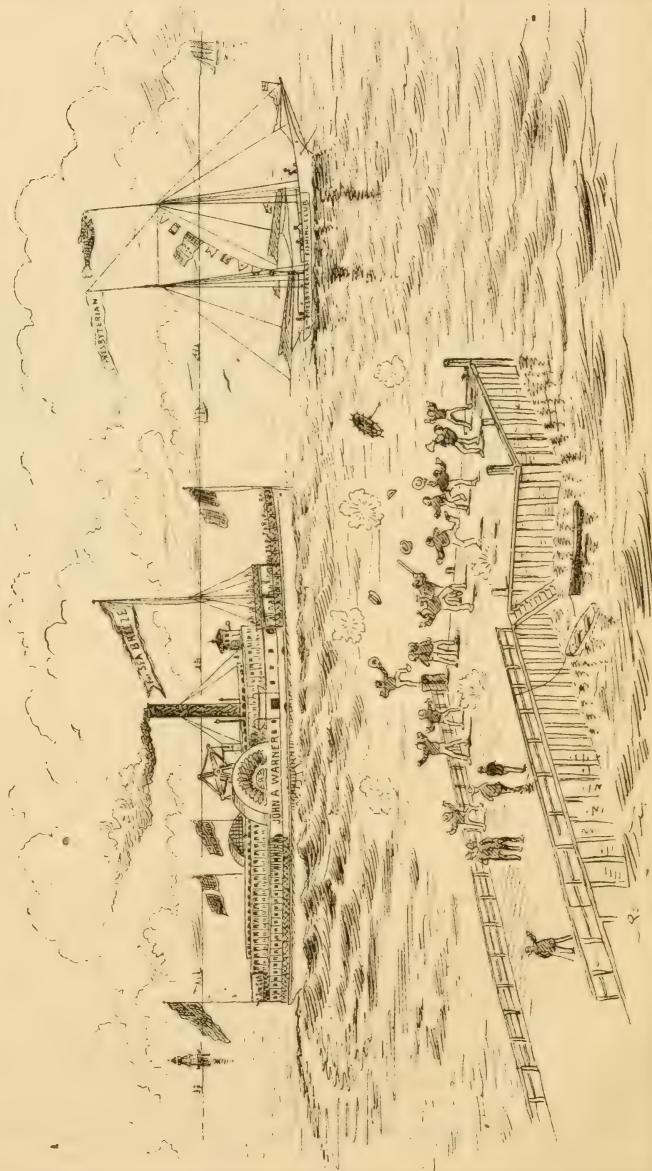
SUNDAY, JULY 11th.

UNFORTUNATELY our worst anticipations last night, in regard to mosquitoes, were destined to be realized before morning. About midnight, the boys began to boil over on to the deck, and by 2 A. M. all hands were vainly seeking relief from their assaults. Wehn's walk-around had plenty of imitators, and the decks, table, and trunk cabin had the appearance of a bivouac of straggling soldiers. Towards daybreak, the little pests began to leave us, and little snatches of sleep were obtained by most of the crew. The anchor was raised at 4 A. M., and the vessel ran out to Ship John Light and anchored again. After catching a few weak-fish, breakfast was announced and soon disposed of. As soon as the meal was over, sail was made for Sea Breeze, and Lammon took the helm, while the Captain got breakfast. Notwithstanding the navigation was both difficult and dangerous, he succeeded in bringing us safely to an anchorage above the pier. As soon as sail was stowed away, all hands turned in as police, went to work to clean up ship and make ready for the reception of our guests, expected to dinner to-day. The decks were scrubbed down, awning spread, all flags and our fish run up, and everything put in proper shape by 10.30 A. M. Clean clothes and fresh shaves were now in demand, and those who could not secure razors, were satisfied with oyster knives. The wind has died out and left us in a dead calm, and the sun very hot. As the time for the steamer to arrive drew near, it clouded over and became a little cooler. At 12.30 the "Warner" hove in sight, and the entire club went ashore, leaving the Captain, Mate, Purser, and Steward to do the honors with the gun, fog-horn, and hand-organ. A number of guns were also fired from the wharf, as some of our visitors leaped ashore before the steamer was made fast. We found quite a number of friends aboard, and spent some little time in personal greetings. The younger fry of visitors were anxious to have a swim, and were taken over to the bath-houses, provided with suits, and told to go ahead. Both boats had, meanwhile, gone out to the schooner with their loads, and the company, after being welcomed in a short speech by President Smith, scattered about the vessel, inspecting our household arrangements and accommodations. They were particularly amused by the signs which had been painted and hung around for their guidance, such as "Keep off the grass," "Don't touch the plants," "Wipe your feet," "If you don't see what you want, ask for it," and others of similar tenor. The inspection being finished, dinner was called, and the visitors took their places at the table for a square meal; the members of the Club all attending to their wants, and trying to make their trip a pleasant one. In the midst of the meal, while all was hilarity and mirth around the table, a huge imitation of a shooting cracker, about twelve inches long, was lighted and pushed on the table,



DINNER AT SEA BREEZE—LANE'S DESSERT.

under the arm of our old and esteemed friend, Lane, of the firm of Allen, Lane & Scott, printers to the Club. If the author of the ancient maxim, large bodies move slowly, had been present, he would have made a reservation in favor of at least one of said large bodies. One glance by Lane, whose avoirdupois is something under three hundred pounds, at the burning fuse was sufficient. In an instant he bounced over the bench and away to the stern of the vessel, followed by the affrighted guests in every direction. When the monster subsided with a gentle fizz, the roar from our guests might have been heard a mile away. Order was soon restored, and their dinner was finished in peace. Our visitors to dinner numbered twenty-five, and we trust that we left none of them any room to complain of their reception. If their expressions really manifested their feelings in regard to our arrangements for their comfort, we feel satisfied that we have nothing to regret. The only drawback was the excessive heat of the weather, although the awning on deck rendered it tolerably pleasant when the visitors had divested themselves of their coats and hats. When we had boarded the "Warner," after our friends came ashore, to pay our respects to Cap-



OUR GUESTS LEAVING SEA BREEZE. July 11th

tain Tyler, we found, to our astonishment, the following poster stuck up in all parts of the boat and in the hands of most of the passengers :—

\$1000 REWARD

Will be paid for any information that will lead to the detection of the abductors of



JOHN L. SMITH.

He was last seen in the company of an organized band of River Pirates, known as the

“2d P’s.”

This party is composed of several Italian Organ Grinders, making them capable of committing any offense in the calendar of crime. It is surmised by his friends that he has been abducted for the purpose of obtaining a heavy ransom. Whilst his guardians will not give one cent for his ransom, they are willing to spend thousands for the detection and conviction of his abductors.

Any person sending the desired information to either of the undersigned, will obtain the above reward and the heartfelt thanks of his afflicted guardians.

SAM. HARRIS,
Sixth Street, below Market.

W. M. BURK,
No. 304 Chestnut Street.

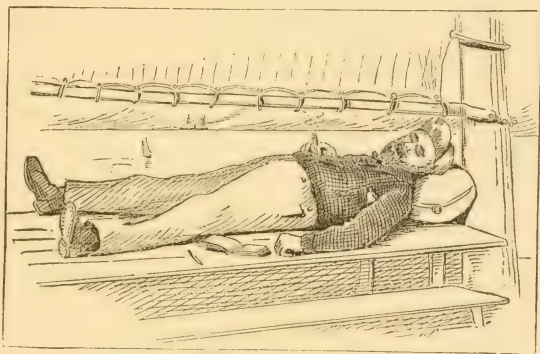
CHAS. HANSON,
No. 704 Sansom Street.

Such an invention could only emanate from the fertile brain of our friend Lane, and he was given full credit for his ingenuity by all the gang. It was necessary, however, to lock up the rifle and ammunition to prevent Smith from taking summary vengeance on his detractor. He was finally calmed down, and left to meditate upon some other plan to get square. As the steamer left again at 3 P. M., our visitors were soon surprised by the ringing of her bell, and were astonished at the quick passage of the time. But there was no help for it, and we were compelled to transfer them to the pier in our two boats. There not being room for the entire Club with them, one of the boats was sent back for the rest of the party. Captain Tyler, with his customary kindness, held the steamer for a few moments until all the gang reached the pier. The gang plank was then drawn aboard, and as the steamer slowly rounded out from the wharf, a number of guns were fired, and the Club gathered at the front with Parmalee and his cornet in advance, and sang the following farewell, composed for the occasion and dedicated to the Club:—

“Tho’ old acquaintance be forgot,
And the days of Auld Lang Syne,
Let’s not forget this happy day
With the Pres-by-te-ri-ans.
Good-bye, good-bye, to every one
With light hearts, free from care,
Remember us to all at home,
And call on us next year.”

This song, and the three cheers with a tiger which followed, were received uproariously by the passengers on the boat as she receded from our view. When she was well under way, we adjourned to the porch of the hotel to get out of the heat. Captain Shailer, of the Warner House, gave us the freedom of the house, and we had not long been on the piazza before we had Knight at the piano and Parmalee fingering the cornet. The music greatly entertained the guests and other inmates of the hotel, as well as ourselves. After making careful inquiry, we found that Sunday did not extend to this distance from the city, and that no Presbyterian Churches were within five miles. We therefore indulged ourselves in a little dancing, as the music caused a twitching about the feet; letting ourselves down easy, however, by singing a hymn in chorus between each dance. Whilst cooling off between the heats, the demands of Captain Shailer and his guests to go and see a man became so frequent that the Club was compelled to call a halt. Christ and Rauch also came out with some of their recitations, and were received with great applause. Parmalee went off to the schooner and brought ashore the orguINETTE, and Mousley caused it to contribute its share to the general jollity. Music, singing, dancing, and speaking followed

each other rapidly until 6 P. M., when we left in quest of our supper, of which we felt the need greatly, when the excitement calmed down a little. Supper was just being served at 6.30 P. M., as the Mundell Club hoisted sail and left for home. A hearty send-off was given them, and as heartily answered. The bay had been as smooth as glass the entire afternoon, and the heat oppressive until this time, when a breeze came up from S. E., causing as welcome a change as was ever felt. At 7.30 P. M. the loggist lay down on deck for a quiet smoke, and woke up at 3 A. M., ready to turn in for sleep.



OUR LOGGIST GETTING IN HIS WORK.

MONDAY, JULY 12th.

EVERYBODY on board took advantage of the cool air and the scarcity of mosquitoes, to get in a square night's rest. Nobody showed up on deck until 5.30 A. M., except Wehn, who sleeps by watches; two hours off and two on. We had anchored last night about one and a half miles from shore. Breakfast was over at 7.30 A. M., and we put the jib on the schooner and ran out to the Ship John to try the fishing again. As we anchored we gave the keepers the usual salute. Both of them came aboard, bringing several samples of the weak-fish they had caught on the high water last night. They weighed from two to four pounds each, and were noble fish. But two or three of the gang appeared to want to fish, as they did not bite very readily. Our catch consequently was light, although we made out a mess. A remarkable number of toad-fish were caught, Lammon alone catching

nearly a basketful. The usual devotions of the Club (Poke) occupied the time under the awning, during the entire morning. Keeper Wright took Packard and four others over to go through the light-house, as he had not seen the interior yet. At 10.30 we bade farewell to our friends Knowles and Wright, and setting jib and mainsail, stood in for Sea Breeze to meet the "Warner," and get some ice which Captain Tyler had generously offered to bring down to us. At 11.30 we let go anchor off the pier, just as the "Edwin Forrest" made a landing with an excursion from Chester. All hands went ashore except Knight, who kept an anchor-watch. Went up to the hotel, and after watching the dancing for some time took a turn at the ten-pin alley, Smith sampling all the alleys and all the balls, without being able to get a game. Being short of boys, Rauch was put in as a substitute to "set 'em up" for Smith. The "Warner" coming in sight, the alley was deserted, and we took up our march in single file for the wharf, to the tune of "The regular army, oh!" As soon as she had made fast, we went aboard of her, got our ice, and took it out to the schooner, reaching her at 1.15 P. M. Dinner was waiting for us, and was demolished in true Presbyterian style. After dinner the Club again went ashore, and after looking around among the "Warner's" passengers, again marched up to the hotel, where the Chester excursionists were making good use of the ball-room. They left at 4 P. M., and after getting a jig out of Captain Walls on the front porch, we started Knight and Parmalee in again for music, and the gang did some singing for the hotel guests until 5.15 P. M., when the entire Club surrounded the piano, and gave them our farewell ode, altering the last two lines to—

"Remember us when we are gone,
We'll call on you next year."

The line of march was then taken up through the hall and ball-room, and around the piazza to the front entrance, under the command of Captain Smith. Company Q was there halted, three cheers given for the Warner House, Captain Shailer, and his guests, and the march resumed to the pier, with the cornet and the choir rattling out, "Marching through Georgia!" Quick time was made in getting aboard the schooner, on which all sail was immediately made for Collins' Beach. A strong wind was blowing from S. E., and we jumped away with a start sheet and doing a little rolling. Passed Cohansey Light at 6 P. M., Bombay Hook at 6.35, where the word "supper" brought all hands to the front once more. The main point discussed at this meal was the obstinacy with which George Mousley and one or two others kept their stomachs on an even keel. It was set down as base ingratitude on their part, and a desire to cheat the Club out of a part of their enjoyment, as well as to run the risk of a famine on board.

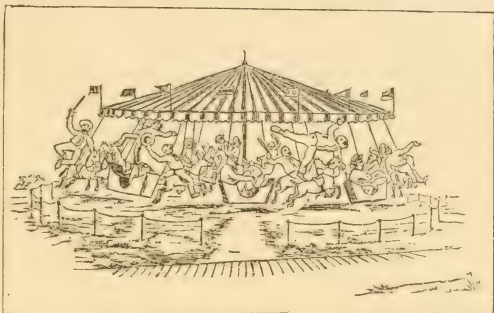
The breeze died down as the sun set, and we went up at a slower gait. After supper all hands gathered aft, where Christ entertained us with a number of readings, until darkness closed in on us. Passed Duck Creek Light at 8.10, and anchored off Collins' Beach at 8.40 P. M. Notwithstanding the darkness, both boats were got out and all hands went ashore, landing safely on the pier after groping their way over the shoals for some time. We found everything in darkness except the hotel parlor, where the lady boarders were sitting around, listening to the music of the piano. After a few words with the proprietor, Mr. L. C. Grieves, the dancing pavilion was relighted, and through the kindness of Mr. Thomas O. Cooper, who consented to lead the orchestra with his violin, the boys had an hour and a half's solid enjoyment. The ladies came down from the hotel in a body, and we had waltzes, quadrilles, and hoe-downs in rapid succession until 10.30 P. M., when we returned thanks for the favors shown us, and left for the schooner. We reached her at 11 P. M., pretty well warmed up, and spent the next hour in taking baths, which felt quite refreshing. Bathing seemed to make some of the boys wakeful, as the whole starboard side lay smoking in their bunks until nearly 1 A. M., recalling the events of the day and evening, until all finally dropped off.

TUESDAY, JULY 13th.

THE presence of ladies last night acted as a great stimulus to the ladies' men on board, for no matter how well dirty clothes look at night, the daylight sometimes puts a different face on them. At daylight this morning we were roused by the sound of scrubbing brushes, and began to think the police were taking extra pains with the deck. But upon going on deck, we found Packard, Rauch, Wehn, Davis, Smith, and Barber scrubbing away with all their strength on white pants, in order to have a presentable pair to wear on shore to-day. Pretty soon the rigging of the vessel resembled a city yard on wash-day. The sun came up bright and clear, though it was cloudy and heavy when we turned in, and soon dried the wash. Breakfast was put through at 7.20 A. M., and cleaning up was again the order of the day until 9 A. M., when the boat was hauled alongside, and we pulled for the shore again. Owing to the fact that one side of the boat pulled two strokes to the other's one, we did not reach the shore until 9.30 A. M., when the line of march was taken up, under command of Captain Smith. We went first to the pavilion, and after interviewing the commissary department, went up stairs. Here we found a

Methodist Sunday-school from Odessa, Delaware, on a picnic, having arrived at an early hour in carriages and stages. We were soon on good terms with the Methodists. Parmalee got out his cornet and accompanied a young lady player on the piano, while the choir surrounded them and sang a number of pieces. Rauch was then introduced by Mr. George L. Townsend, the Sunday-school superintendent, and recited "Alt Schule Hause on der Krick." More singing then ensued, followed by Christ with "Barbara Frietchie." At 10.30 A. M. the "Republic" passed down for Cape May, soon followed by the "Vanderbilt" and "Warner." Rauch and Davis had by this time got into the good graces of a bevy of young sisters, who had them penned into a corner of the room, without making the slightest effort to escape. Sixsmith then sang "Marching through Georgia," while the gang gave the chorus with startling effect, Knight and Parmalee playing the accompaniment. Rauch was then dragged by the neck from the soft corner he had found, and compelled to recite Schiller's "Battle." The applause attending this effort having subsided, we were marched to the hotel, and secured chairs under a large tree for a rest. Mr. Grieves desiring the boys to register their names, Packard was detailed for the purpose, and spent an hour in ornamenting the hotel register in a style seldom witnessed in such volumes; the proprietor being so well pleased with the artistic work, that he separated the leaf from the book, with the intention of framing it to hang in the office. Knight and Parmalee gave us more music from the parlor, while Christ and Smith tried their hands at making friends with the ladies. At 12 M. the steamer "Thomas Clyde" came in sight, and we went out on the pier to meet her at 12.15. After her passengers had landed, we took boat to the schooner, and demolished the dinner in waiting for us. As soon as the meal was over, we went ashore again. Christ was thoughtful enough to bring a package of bananas ashore for some of the ladies whose acquaintance he had made. After running the gauntlet with them, on the passage and at the landing, he hived them safely with the clerk of the hotel in his office. In a few minutes, while conversing with the ladies on the piazza, he was astounded to see the "gang" sitting under the trees eating bananas. One rush to the office revealed the fact that they were his bananas, and he made another rush towards the boys, and got there in time to see the last ends of the fruit disappearing. He attempted to give vent to his feelings, but words failed to express them, and he turned on his heel with a groan to receive the sympathy of the ladies. Packard was now taking his turn in getting into the good graces of the ladies, with apparent success. The subject of horse-racing being brought up, it was resolved that the Club should engage in one. After a long negotiation and a considerable outlay of cash, enough animals were secured to mount the entire party, and a flying start was made directly in front

of the hotel. The horses soon got into a full run, and Rauch was thrown several times before reaching the finish, while Smith twice attempted to turn a somersault over his horse's head. But one heat was run, and that was decided by the judges a dead heat, leaving the subject of superior riding still open to discussion. A turn was then taken into the dancing pavilion, where a polka waltz was



A DEAD HEAT.

in progress. Most of the "gang" soon had partners, either from the ladies or amongst themselves, and flew around with the best. A straight four followed, in which the Club's stag set secured universal attention, both for variety of execution and amount of noise attending it. After a number of dances, we returned to the hotel and lay around under the trees, resting until 5 P. M., when the line was formed for the pier. Before the boat was reached, two countermarches by file left had to be made at the requests of the Messrs. Grieves, who would receive no denials. The boat was finally reached after a desperate effort, and we set out for the schooner, landing on her decks at 6 P. M. As the loggist got out of the boat, he discovered that the log was missing from his pocket. A thorough search of the boat failed to reveal any traces of the book, and a boat's crew, consisting of Smith, Packard, Sixsmith, and Rauch, went back to the shore to look for it. About the time they had given up all hopes of finding it ashore, the loggist, having occasion to go below, discovered the book in his cigar-box, where it had been stowed by whoever lifted it from his pocket on shore. The unanimous opinion was that it was a device of Packard's, to enable him to get ashore again to take another farewell of the ladies. The horn was blown to recall the searchers, but they took it for a signal for supper, and did not return for some time, not being disposed to return without the book. When they did arrive, supper was being eaten, and their unusual exertions enabled them to take double rations. At 7.30 P. M. the police were called to raise anchor and make sail for fresh water. As a parting salute to our friends on shore, our gun was fired, fog-horn blown, and the farewell ode sung, followed by "Home, Sweet Home." In answer, they dipped their colors repeatedly. All hands lay around the benches and deck, pretty well tired out, but keeping up the racket by singing until 9.30 P. M., when the number began to get smaller by degrees. At 10 P. M. nearly all had turned in, the day's enjoyment

having left all hands about "played out." We are now abreast of Reedy Island, wind ahead and tide about turning in our favor, the hold pretty quiet, with the exception of Parmalee's "bugle," which is getting in some of its best licks. Just as the loggist was about to close up, he heard a voice on the port side, and went over just in time to catch the following words from the lips of our orator Christ, who was sound asleep, but with a joyful smile on his countenance:—

"Fair maid of Odessa!
With pearly teeth and golden hair;
May heaven above bless her,
And keep her ever pure and fair."

The loggist is happy, that owing to the fact of being the last one awake, he is able to preserve the above lines to posterity, but when they were followed a few minutes later by these—

"To thy cakes and pies,
And nice chicken fries,
Memory will ever cling;
Thy sandwiches fresh
Wove round me a mesh
Far stronger than hempen string"—

he stuffed the blankets in his ears and listened no more.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14th.

THE schooner was kept under way all night by the Captain, Mate, and Rauch, who claims to have acted as Second Mate throughout the night. It is supposed that he invented new duties for a second mate, which consist in rolling up in a tarpaulin and snoring. It was not until 5 A. M. that we anchored above Thompson's Point, the wind being dead ahead and light. At 6 all hands had turned out and were exchanging salutes with passing tugs and steamers, foremost among which was our old friend the "Thomas Clyde," with an excursion going up from Chester. At 7 A. M. breakfast was served, and partaken of with numberless regrets that the last day of the trip had arrived. In fact, for the last three days the boys have been talking of going about and commencing the whole business over again. But a look at the stores gives a quietus to any such ideas.

At 9 A. M. the propeller "Mars" ran close aboard and gave us a salute. At 9.10 the "Warner" passed down, and Captain Tyler gave us all the honors as usual. At 9.20 the "Clyde" went down, and Captain McMunn also greeted us. The wind died down to a dead calm, and the sun came out blazing hot. The final game of "Poke" was inaugurated under the awning, and the smell of fresh water seemed to have a deadening effect on everything but the game in progress. A

party who had gone ashore after breakfast found a veritable Robinson Crusoe in possession of the Point, acting as watchman for the Messrs. Dupont, who have built a factory for the manufacture of nitro-glycerine back of the bank. He occupied a fishing cabin on the shore, and was walking up and down, followed by three or four dogs and as many cats, with two tame crows sitting on his shoulders and occasionally flying ahead of him and returning. Having some small stores of no further use to us, we gave them to him, and they were thankfully received. At 10 A. M. the police brought up the mattresses and emptied them, and a general packing-up ensued. The hold no longer seemed like the home it had been for the last twelve days, but its memories will long linger in the hearts of those engaged in this trip. At 11.20 A. M. the Boston steamer "Roman" passed down and saluted us. At 11.30 the steam yacht "Mischief" ran close by with a party on board, and gave us a hearty welcome home. At 12 M. the last dinner call was sounded, and a square meal was put under the hatches by all hands. The hearty eating of the last eleven days seems not to have affected any of their appetites in the least. Dinner over, we sat around waiting for the tide to turn or a breeze to spring up. Scarcely a breath of air has ruffled the surface of the water during the entire morning. To pass away time, the stores remaining were brought on deck and an auction sale held, Smith acting as auctioneer. After spirited bidding, all the articles were sold or given away, and the proceeds handed over to the Treasurer. At 1.05 P. M. the police were called to the anchor for the last time, the tide being about to turn. For nearly an hour it was little better than a drift with us, although we got a little ripple of wind occasionally. Then a light breeze came out ahead, and we made better time. At 2 P. M. met steamer "Virginia," bound down. Passed Billingsport at 2.30 P. M. Below the Block House were passed by the "Mischief," and again saluted. Off lower end of League Island met steamship "Ashland" and steamer "Major Reybold," both of which gave us the usual honors, followed by tug "Mary" off of mouth of Schuylkill, and sloop "Kensington," lying at Red Bank wharf. On the next tack, the steamer "Mary Morgan" and tug "Pioneer" chimed, followed by tug "Annie" and a Custom House tug. Between Red Bank and Gloucester, the wind died out again. Off Gloucester, it sprang up again, but very light. Off the coal wharves we were again becalmed, and as the prospects of getting up on the tide were getting slim, it was resolved to take a tow for the rest of the distance. A signal was accordingly made and quickly responded to by the tug "Greyhound," which soon made fast and snatched us along in double-quick time. Pier after pier was passed in quick succession, nearly every one containing more or less of a crowd, who vied with the Club in cheering and hurrahing. Barber, with his artillery, kept up one continuous fire in response to the whistles of the steamers passing us on either side;

among which were the tugs "Dorie Emory," "Ben Hooley," steamers "Kaighn's Point," "Arcadia," and "Cooper's Point," and the government steamer "Standish," with the Cadet Engineers aboard, who lined the side and gave us a hearty cheer. Passing the coal wharves on Windmill Island, we saw our ancient member Clark, giving us an energetic welcome. As we passed the heart of the city, it became necessary to divide the gang, placing some on each side of the vessel to return the salutes which came thick and fast. But the tug kept us spinning through the water at such a rate that we neared our destination in almost less time than it takes to write it, and at 5 P. M. we were fast to the pier, and the Tenth Annual Cruise of the Club was an established fact.

This narrative, however, would hardly be complete without mention of parties whose efforts to make our trip a success, have equaled those of the members themselves. The ladies, as usual, contributed freely to the cause, outdoing all previous efforts by the gift, at the final meeting of the Club in June, of a magnificent burgee. This flag is twenty-one feet in length, and bears in large letters the name of the Club. Each year seems to bring us more deeply in their debt. Our thanks are also eminently due and are tendered to Messrs. Allen, Lane & Scott, and Alfred Russell, for printing; Messrs. Cline, Miller & Co., for paper; William H. Hazlett, for loan of flags; Master Will Allen, for the Quaker gun which did such efficient service; Captain Tyler, of the "John A. Warner"; Captain McMunn, of the "Thomas Clyde"; Captain Shailer, of Sea Breeze; Messrs. Grieves, of Collins' Beach; Mr. George A. Millington, of Bombay Hook; Dr. J. H. Schenck, for medical stores; Messrs. W. H. Gamble, John Seitz, Thomas Hunter, and D. A. Partridge, of Philadelphia; and above all, to Messrs. Clement & Dunbar, for their continued generosity in allowing the use of their pier for our arrival and departure.



APPENDIX.

THE map of the Delaware River and Bay, accompanying this Log, having been submitted to a number of experts, their opinions and recommendations in regard thereto are here affixed.

ON BOARD "JOHN A. WARNER," July, 1880.

GENTLEMEN:—Your map has been received and carefully examined. I am happy to state, that after deciding to adopt it, our pilot ran the steamer into Ship John Light on the first day, in his desire to avoid the numerous anchors you have located around that place. The steamer received some severe contusions, but will probably be placed on the route again by the time you take your next Annual Cruise. Hoping to have the opportunity to run you down at that time, I remain

Yours, sincerely,

GEORGE F. TYLER,
Captain.

CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, STEAMER "CLYDE," July, 1880.

SIRS:—Your map has caused a revolution in the running of this steamer. By its use, we are enabled to reach Collins' Beach in two hours less time, in consequence of all the bars being obliterated except the one on the steamer. We intend next summer to load our gun with shell for your special benefit. Trusting that you will not recognize me on the street, I remain,

Yours, as ever,

McMUNN,
Captain.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

LIGHT HOUSE BUREAU.

GENTS:—On receipt of your map, orders were issued at once to remove all lights from Delaware Bay and River, as it is apparent that henceforth there will be no further necessity for their use. The keepers will all be pensioned, so that the Club need have no regrets on that

score. Your friends Knowles and Wright shall be made brigadier-generals. Hoping that the next monthly statement will show a large decrease in expenditures, solely through your enterprise, I am

Financially yours,

JOHN SHERMAN,
(of Ohio.)

KIRKBRIDE'S, July, 1880.

GENTLEMEN:—After a careful inspection of your map for a week (without sleeping or eating), I find myself retired by my fellow-members to this place, as the natural result of trying to find the Port Warden's line thereon. Trusting that next summer may find you able to make a map of the bottom of the bay, I am,

Yours (in my mind),

FRANKLIN DUNDORE,
President Board of Trustees of City Ice Boat.

OFFICE UNITED STATES COAST SURVEY, July, 1880.

Second Presbyterian Fishing Club,

GENTS:—The body of our Chief Surveyor has just been recovered from the depths of the Delaware, where he had thrown himself in despair, after one hour's perusal of the work of your topographical artist. This department, nevertheless, is grateful to you for the fact that our position, so far as that river is concerned, has become a sinecure. Hoping that in future you will visit other waters (say the Arctic Ocean), I am,

Yours, fraternally,

J. E. HILLGARD,
Assistant in Charge.

CITY SURVEY DEPARTMENT, July, 1880.

DEAR SIR:—I claim to be able, in a general way, to make a map; but the map of Delaware Bay which you send me, is a huckleberry above my persimmon; I may have seen worse maps, but if I did, the time has slipped my memory. As to your request to have it placed on the City plan, I will refer the matter to the Survey Committee of Councils, who sometimes go down on the "Mischief," and get in just such a condition as to require the use of just such a map.

Yours, truly,

JOHN H. DYE,
Registrar.

BAIT LIST

OF THE

Second Presbyterian Fishing Club for Annual Cruise,

JULY, 1880.



Saturday, July 3d.

Supper—Cold Ham, Cheese, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Sunday, July 4th.

Breakfast—Beefsteak, Fried Potatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Snapper Stew, Sliced Tomatoes, Bread and Butter and Coffee. Dessert, Ice Cream and Fruit.

Supper—Cold Tongue, Ham, Pickled Oysters, Stewed Fruits, Hot Biscuits, Coffee and Tea.

Monday, July 5th.

Breakfast—Fried Fish, Baked Potatoes, Sliced Tomatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee and Chocolate.

Dinner—Roast Beef, French Peas, Roast Potatoes, Cold Slaw, Bread and Butter, Coffee. Dessert, Water Ice.

Supper—Cold Corned Beef, Baked Potatoes, Bologna Sausage, Bread and Butter, Pickled Salmon, Tea and Coffee.

Tuesday, July 6th.

Breakfast—Beefsteak, Fried Potatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Chicken Pot Pie, Mashed Potatoes, Onion Sauce, Short Cake and Coffee. Dessert, Pies and Fruit.

Supper—Cold Tongue, Ham, Fried Fish, Bread and Butter, Cheese, Pickled Oysters, Tea and Coffee.

Wednesday, July 7th.

Breakfast—Fried Fish, Fried Potatoes and Onions, Sliced Tomatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee and Chocolate.

Dinner—Broiled Fish, Baked Potatoes, Biscuits and Coffee. Dessert, Ice Cream.

Supper—Fried Fish, Bologna Sausage, Baked Potatoes, Bread and Butter, Pickled Salmon, Tea and Coffee.

Thursday, July 8th.

Breakfast—Ham and Eggs, Fried Potatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Stewed Chicken, Mashed Potatoes, Canned Corn and Peas, Short Cake and Coffee. Dessert, Frozen Peaches.

Supper—Cold Ham, Pickled Oysters, Cheese, Bread and Butter, Coffee and Tea.

Friday, July 9th.

Breakfast—Fried Fish, Baked Potatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee and Chocolate.

Dinner—Baked Beans, Mashed Potatoes, French Peas, Stewed Tomatoes, Biscuits and Coffee.
Dessert, Ice Cream.

Supper—Fish a la mode, Pickled Salmon, Cheese, Coffee and Tea.

Saturday, July 10th.

Breakfast—Fried Ham, Poached Eggs, Sliced Tomatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Chicken a la Fricassee, Mashed Potatoes, Corn and French Peas, Short Cake, Coffee.
Dessert, Bread Pudding.

Supper—Cold Tongue, Bologna Sausage, Cheese, Baked Potatoes, Pickled Oysters, Biscuits, Tea and Coffee.

Sunday, July 11th—SEA BREEZE.

Breakfast—Fried Fish, Baked Potatoes, Sliced Tomatoes, Bread and Butter, Coffee and Chocolate.

Dinner—Chicken Pot Pie, Mashed Potatoes, Canned Corn and Peas, Cold Slaw, Short Cake, Coffee. Dessert, Ice Cream and Frozen Peaches.

Supper—Fried Fish, Cold Tongue, Bread and Butter, Cheese, Pickled Oysters, Tea.

Monday, July 12th.

Breakfast—Fried Fish, Egg Omelette, Fried Potatoes and Onions, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

Dinner—Boiled Weak Fish with Drawn Butter, Mashed Potatoes, French Peas, Cold Slaw, Biscuits and Coffee. Dessert, Water Ice.

Supper—Sliced Ham and Corned Beef, Baked Potatoes, Cheese, Bread and Butter, Pickled Salmon, Tea.

Tuesday, July 13th.

Breakfast—Fried Ham, Scrambled Eggs, Baked Potatoes, Sliced Tomatoes, Biscuits, Coffee and Chocolate.

Dinner—Roast Lamb, Green Peas, Canned Corn, Onion Sauce, Short Cake and Coffee. Dessert, Frozen Custard.

Supper—Baked Fish, Pickled Salmon, Baked Potatoes, Cheese, Bread and Butter, Coffee and Tea.


Wednesday, July 14th.

Breakfast—Boiled Eggs, Irish Stew, Fried Onions, Bread and Butter, Coffee.

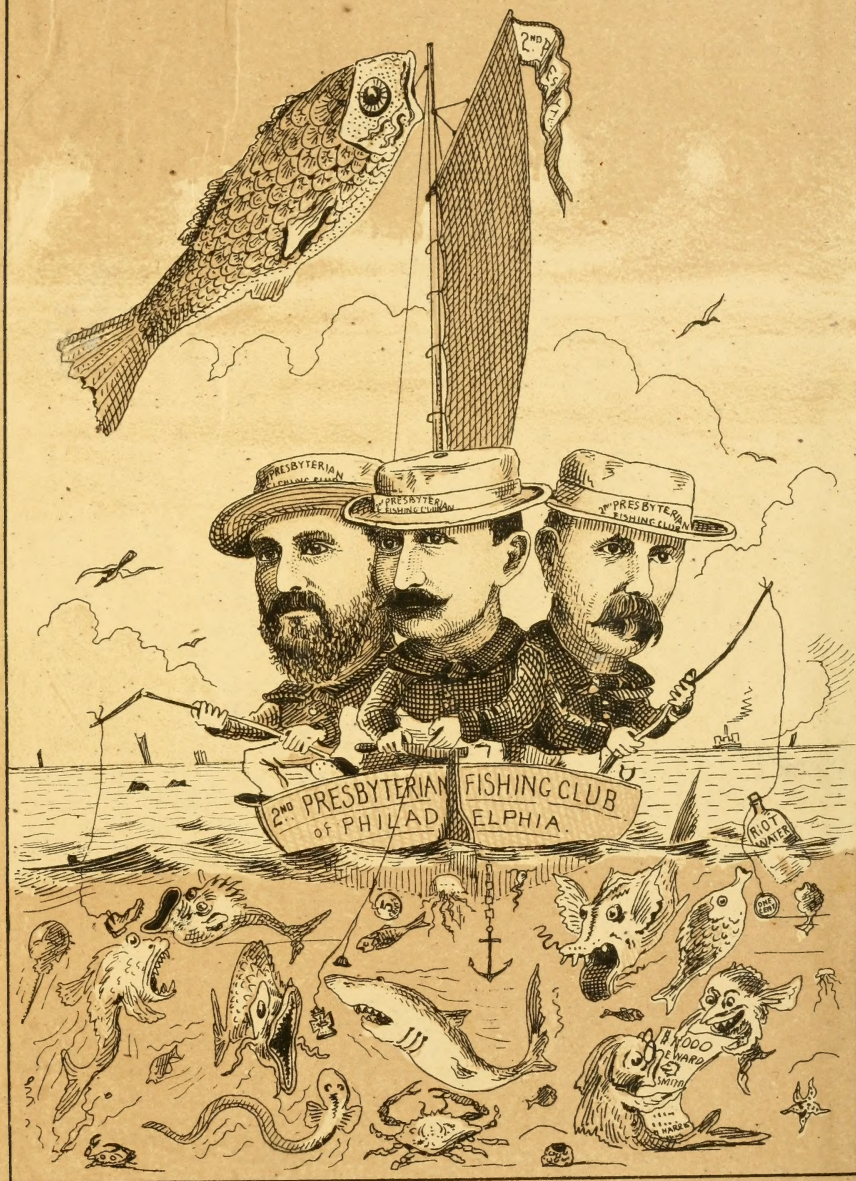
Dinner—HASH!!! Ice Cream, Water Ice, Schenck's Pills, Kline's Fit Cure, Calomel, Jalap, and
"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

General Entrees—Mixed Pickles, Chow-Chow, Pickled Onions, Preserves, Stewed Fruits, Catsup, Bottled Beer, Cigars, Toothpicks, WATER, &c

Desserts—Ice Cream, Water Ices, Frozen Custard, Pies, Oranges, Bananas, Candies, Fire Works, &c., &c.

 An "Italian Orchestra and Brass Band" will accompany the Club during the entire Trip.





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